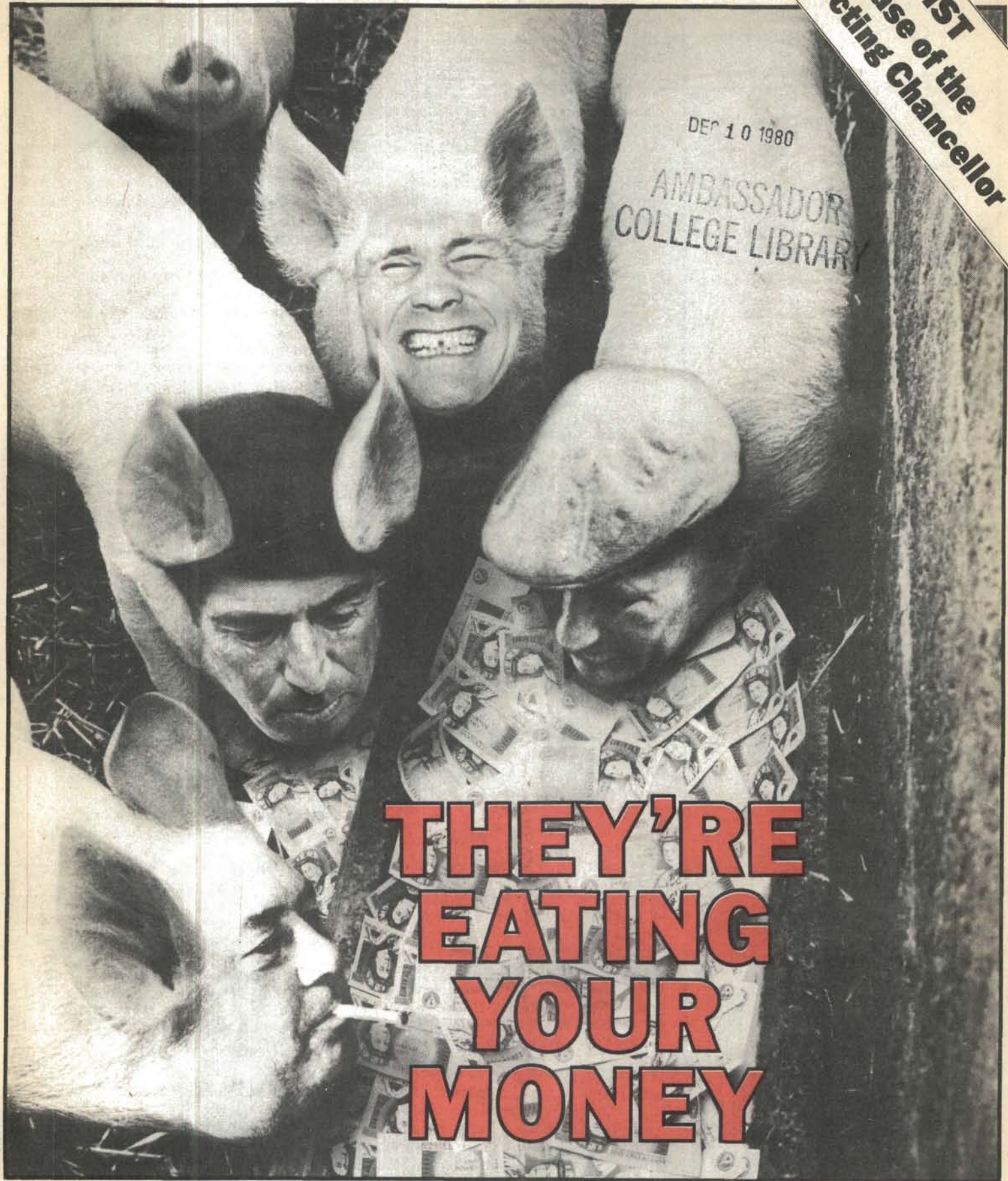


NEW STATESMAN

UMIST
The case of the
self-selecting Chancellor



**THEY'RE
EATING
YOUR
MONEY**

Q. for Tory conference: Which British producers get the biggest State subsidy?

**A. Farmers: about £10,000 each per year.
(Steelworkers average £1,800.)**

Contents

We apologise to readers for the wrong numbering of the issue dated 26 September 1980. This should have been No 2584, not 2583 as printed.

- 2 **Leader**
- 3 **Notes:** Heseltine gets cold feet; Home Office persecution; Government cuts maternity pay
- 4 **World War III: the military view:** Duncan Campbell
- 5 **Why Denis Healey is still smiling:** Peter Kellner
- 6 **TUC split over the Isle of Grain:** Patrick Wintour
- 8 **Inside Sir Ian Gilmour**
- 10 **The great farming rip-off:** Marion Shoard
- 12 **How UMIST chose its Vice-Chancellor:** Rob Rohrer & Rick Rogers
- 13 **Evicting gypsies the rough way:** Judith Cook
- 14 **The unions and democracy:** Frank Chapple
- 16 **London Diary:** Tariq Ali
- 17 **Letters to the editor**
- 18 **Arthur Marshall and Roger Woddis**

Books & Arts

- 19 **Homosexuality and society:** Morris Fraser
 - 21 **Recent nonfiction paperbacks:** Nigel Cross
 - 22 **Recent novels in paperback 1:** Judy Cooke
 - 23 **Recent novels in paperback 2:** Desmond Hogan
 - 23 **Graham Greene's biography continued:** Laurence Lerner
 - 24 **Mercer's last play:** Benedict Nightingale
 - 25 **Barrie Keeffe's Black Lear:** Paul Allen
 - 25 **The Elephant Man and the latest Godard:** John Coleman
 - 26 **Godard assessed:** Stuart Hood
 - 27 **The master musicians of Jajouka:** Mark Kidell
 - 28 **Charitable television:** Julian Barnes
 - 28 **Weekend Competition**
 - 29 **Chess and Crossword**
- Poems by Blake Morrison & John Mole
Cover montage by Michael Bennett

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Labour and intolerance

YOU MAY THINK this week's *New Statesman* presents a tolerably alarming picture of contemporary Britain. On page 4, rampant Toryism is stripping public cash away from working-class mothers, and on page 10 is handing it out to the well-padded members of the farming lobby. There is new information about the official script for World War II (page 4), which adds an overtone of ferocity to the old category of Whitehall farce: and distressing evidence from the Isle of Grain (page 6) that the British union system might indeed disintegrate — almost accidentally — before an advancing corporatism presented in the slouching aspect of the Central Electricity Generating Board. Never have we been in greater need of an effective Labour movement. Never, according to publicly-received wisdom, have we been further away from having one.

That would not quite be our view: insofar as we have thought that pessimism of the intellect has been required to admit that Labour might descend into impotence, we have tried to avoid that improper infection of pessimism which says that it therefore will do so. Pretensions aside, nobody really understands the mechanism of rebirth and renewal in human organisations, and — to raise sights for a moment beyond our local miseries — there would have been few people to predict, at the time when many readers of this journal were born, that German parliamentary socialism might recover to the point where it could take the lead in administering a bone-jarring defeat, however local, to Bismarck's chauvinistic inheritance. There wouldn't have been many to predict it just ten years ago, but it happened last weekend. In Poland, and places to the west, Europe's socialism and democracy exist, as always, precariously — each news-bulletin alters the prognosis. But the life continues.

CERTAINLY, our own Labour movement could lose whole chunks of its right-wing following over the Isle of Grain, and over the consequences of Blackpool. And certainly our own small voice has regularly argued that the result of such division would be to grant political hegemony to Toryism for the foreseeable future. (Editorially, we haven't agreed with the Labour right on anything much except, more or less, the European connection. We don't, however, imagine that Labour is going to win any elections without them, or some of their followers.)

The immediate problem concerns attitudes, rather than positions, though it's true enough that human enterprise occasionally founders on nothing more significant. Particularly, there are complaints, much-amplified through the liberal newspapers, about the 'intolerance' of the Left — and it had better be admitted at once that too many supporters of the Left enjoy shouting down arguments which do not happen to please them. But it should not be forgotten that the Labour establishment, which is essentially right-wing in character, has a substantial record in shouting down its critics. During the last 20 years, the Left got several issues broadly correct: on Vietnam, on Southern Africa, on nuclear weaponry, its positions do not appear foolish in hindsight. Sometimes, indeed, they were ill-argued. But no-one who has actually been around the

political scene during that time imagines that quality of argument was decisive in the rejection of the aspirations of the left. That happened because the party's leadership made convenient alliance with the conservative apparatus of the British state, which had quite different aspirations to enforce. Dissent from the Left was neutralised, not by argument, but by use of the extraordinary patronage and secrecy of procedure which British premiers enjoy, and by superior access to a biased media, always ready to drown inconvenient criticism. None of this excuses the booing of Denis Healey. But it does something to explain why Labour's discourse is less than Periclean.

TO TAKE THE issue of defence, which we have long argued to be central: the party is once again formally unilateralist. This may cause horror in Fleet Street, but as a matter of fact the party's repugnance for nuclear weapons puts it substantially in agreement with the members — not infrequently, the leaders — of the European parties which are equivalent to it. It is commonplace, now, to denounce this position on the grounds that such arrant revolutionism cannot command the support of more than twenty per cent of the electorate.

The psephological estimate is probably sound, but an accompanying demand for the abolition of the Left and all its works seem less so. One-fifth of the electorate is rather a lot of people, and to transfer an earlier point into a different context, Labour is not likely to win its necessary elections without them. One cynical right-wing argument has always said that so long as you — somehow — control the party, you will collect the Left's adherents, because they can't vote Tory. Like most cynicism, this is self-defeating, because its end-product is apathy.

Spokesmen of the Right are no doubt correct when they say that a majority of the electorate will not be found to vote for a party which proposes to leave Britain without defence. What this suggests, however, is not that Labour's future might be assured by the accession of a right-wing leader who will obliterate the decisions of conference. Rather, it suggests the need for a detailed debate on the nature of a non-nuclear defence for Britain. Nothing less is required, if Labour is to achieve a new political synthesis. And, without imaging that its identification would do more than make possible an advance to the problems of economic management and social policy, we shall continue to direct attention to it, as the precondition for survival of the Labour Party, and also of entities intrinsically more important.

RATION BOOKS

During the last month, a number of people who normally receive benefit or other allowances have inadvertently been sent Ration Books, for food and supplies. The *New Statesman* is anxious to have sight of one of these books before they are seized or their return is demanded by officials. A reward will be paid to any person who can help us. Please contact Jane Thomas at the *New Statesman* 01-405 8471.

TORY PARTY CONFERENCE



Francis Wheen reports on a reprieved 'overspender' Michael Heseltine stalls his old jalopy

NOTES

Home Office continues its persecution of Anwar Ditta

Jane Leighton writes: Anwar Ditta, the British-born woman who has fought a five-year campaign to bring three of her children from Pakistan to the family home in Rochdale, has been refused leave to appear before the Immigration Appeals Tribunal. The Home Office, acting with uncharacteristic swiftness, announced its decision barely a week after Ditta's solicitor lodged the application to appeal against an Immigration Adjudicator's decision (see NS 9 May and 22 August 1980), and despite notice that additional evidence is now being obtained from Pakistan.

Ditta has always maintained that she was sent to Pakistan in 1961, when she was 9, and returned 13 years later having married Shuja Ud Din and borne three children — Kamran, now 10, Imran, 8, and Saima, 7. The documentary evidence is impressive and includes marriage and birth certificates, family photographs, a Pakistani identity card carrying her thumbprint, and receipts for money sent to the children in Pakistan. But in July Immigration Adjudicator Clive Rushton dismissed this evidence as 'peripheral'.

Rushton based his decision on oral evidence and the demeanour of witnesses. Under the 1972 appeals procedure he is allowed to 'conduct the hearing in such a manner as (he) considers appropriate'. Ditta is hardly literate but during the campaign she has become powerfully articulate. Rushton found this 'sophistication', and the evidence of her requests for birth control advice, incompatible with her being a 'simple Asian village woman'.

Rushton also criticised Ditta's sister, Hamida Rafiq, for her 'scarcely concealed hostility to the

THE LONDON borough of Islington has been removed from the list of 14 local councils who are to be penalised for 'overspending' — and the makeshift old jalopy which Michael Heseltine calls a local government policy is creaking more loudly than ever.

Last Thursday a group of Islington councillors and officials visited Geoffrey Finsberg and Lord Bellwin, two of Heseltine's junior ministers, to point out that the £1.6 million by which the borough was alleged to exceed Heseltine's target was also the sum by which the budget was expected to be underspent; in short, Islington's final expenditure for this year should accord precisely with the government's requirements.

Lord Bellwin told the Islington delegation that, in the circumstances, he had no hesitation in recommending that they be removed from the 'penalty box'. They would receive the money they had forfeited, and the urban aid grant, part of which was to have been frozen, would be restored.

The meeting took five minutes. The Department's speedy about-turn seems to have been partly prompted by the fact that it is now decidedly rattled by the penalised Labour authorities' threat to challenge Heseltine's penalties in the courts. Crusty judges like nothing better than to discover that ministers and Whitehall departments have behaved in an arbitrary and tyrannical fashion ('be ye ever so great, the law is above you,' as Lord Denning might say), and there is an abundance of evidence on which they could find against the Secretary of State for the Environment.

Under the Tories' new system of local government finance, the sum which each local authority needs to spend (in Whitehall's opinion) is called Grant Related Expenditure (GRE); any council which

spends more than this will be classified as 'profligate', and dealt with accordingly. Michael Heseltine has said more than once that GRE is the fairest guide to what a council ought to spend, and the best criterion on which to judge whether it should be punished for extravagance; yet he made no use of the system when deciding last month which councils he would penalise. For example, according to Heseltine's own figures for GRE, Waltham Forest and Brent, both Labour-controlled London councils, actually need to spend 3 per cent and 1 per cent more, respectively, than they are currently spending. Yet both of them have been penalised by Michael Heseltine because they have 'blatantly disregarded the government's exhortations to reduce their expenditure'. It would be pleasing to hear him try to repeat that under oath.

It is true that Brent and Waltham Forest have not achieved the savings requested — but why should they, if by the Department of Environment's own figures they are already underspending? Moreover, if Heseltine were to be consistent in his application of penalties on 'overspenders' he would find that many Tory-controlled authorities earn a place in the penalty box. Newcastle (Labour), which is a mere 3.4 per cent over its spending target according to Heseltine's own figures, has been penalised and will lose £1.31 million-worth of grant; Milton Keynes (Conservative) is 24.1 per cent over its target but has got off scot free. There are many other Tory-controlled councils who are 10, 20 or even 30 per cent over the guidelines; yet Heseltine was stricken with a most fortunate attack of blindness when he scanned the computer print-out looking for 'bad dies' (his word) to chastise. Whether the courts will take a lenient view of this abuse of ministerial power remains to be seen.

proceedings', and decided that Anwar Ditta and Shuja Ud Din were not credible witnesses because of past deceptions of the immigration authorities, none of which impinged on the central issue of Ditta's claim to be the children's mother.

Under the Immigration Act 1971 the onus of proof rests entirely on Ditta, so the Home Office was not called to support its bizarre and contradictory speculations, which included a suggestion that Shuja Ud Din married two women called Anwar Sultana Ditta — one in Pakistan, one in Britain — or alternatively that the children are the incestuous offspring of their father and his sister.

Meanwhile, the Anwar Ditta Defence Committee (127 Crawford St, Rochdale) is raising funds to send a solicitor to Pakistan where additional and irrefutable evidence is available in Lahore — from the midwives who attended the births, blood tests of the children, school records, the local Imam and other witnesses. If, in the face of this fresh evidence, the Home Office will still not relent the only remaining avenue open to Ditta, who is denied legal aid, is a prohibitively expensive application to the High Court.

Thatcher plans to axe maternity pay

Anna Coote writes: The government has plans to abolish maternity pay and National Insurance

Who gains and who loses from new maternity pay plan?					
Weekly wage	Present legal entitlement			Proposed entitlement	
	Maternity pay (9/10ths wage minus maternity allowance)	State benefit (£25 maternity grant plus maternity allowance of £20.65 for 18 weeks)	Total	15 weeks' pay at £30 per week	gain/loss
£30	38.10	396.70	434.80	450	15.20 gain
40	92.10	396.70	488.80	450	38.80 loss
60	200.10	396.70	596.80	450	146.80 loss
75	281.10	396.70	677.80	450	227.80 loss
100	416.10	396.70	812.80	450	362.80 loss

benefits for women who take time off work to have children. It wants to replace these with a flat rate of £30 a week for 15 weeks, to be paid directly by employers.

The proposal was hinted at in the Green Paper *Income During Initial Sickness: A New Strategy*, and it now seems likely that the government will seek to legislate early next year.

If maternity pay is brought into line with the proposed new sick pay arrangements, as the Green Paper suggests, then four million married women who opt to pay reduced National Insurance contributions will get nothing at all, although they can

now qualify for six weeks' statutory maternity pay. Women on very low earnings may gain a little, but those on less than £23 a week will be excluded, which will rule out most part-time workers. Most women will suffer a severe loss of income, as the table shows — a fact which sits uncomfortably with recent reports of a clear link between poverty and perinatal mortality (NS 12.9.80). The Green Paper makes no bones about the government's intention to continue dismantling the welfare state: it is time for it to 'disengage itself from activities which firms and individuals can perform perfectly well for themselves'.

DEFENCE
Duncan Campbell

Military plans for internment and firing squads
The way to World War III

SINCE WE PREVIEWED the likely course of a nuclear holocaust in last week's *New Statesman*, new information has emerged about the military plans for home defence used in last month's *Square Leg* exercise. The exercise anticipated a long period of rising international tension, followed by a nuclear attack on Europe. We have received secret plans describing in considerable detail the 'international crises' which led up to the recent hypothetical World War III.

These and other official documents also confirm plans for internment of government critics. Pacifists in a time of crisis would be regarded as uniformly 'subversive' and thus liable to internment. 'Special courts' are planned to dispense sentences of execution on offenders after a possible nuclear attack.

A copy of detailed 'lead-in scenario' to the *Square Leg* exercise has been obtained from officials by the Leamington European Nuclear Disarmament campaign. In the plans, the government has anticipated a nine-month progress to war between the benevolent and peace-loving Blue Alliance (that's us) and the warmongering Orange Pact (that's them), which had come under new leadership in January 1980. The scenario is complete with extensive details of aggressive military posturings by the Orange Pact, and make-believe equivalents of the Socialist Workers Party and the National Front battling it out.

Although the scenario has been distributed in connection with *Square Leg*, it was written for the *Crusader* series of NATO exercises which has just been concluded. It has both serious and silly features; among the former, there is revealed a remarkable disbelief in the theory of deterrence, which is so keenly marketed to the public. In this scenario, the new Soviet leaders steadily march to war, wholly undeterred by NATO's peace-guarding armada of ICBMs, bombers and submarines. The exercise assumed that Soviet leaders may be so loony that nothing stops them.

The buildup of Soviet forces starts, in the exercise, in January 1980 and by April the Soviets demand Norwegian and Danish withdrawal from NATO. The British public took this news 'calmly enough... to the point of apathy'. But subversives were at work:

Red Peace Trotskyists, who had penetrated the more passive Purple Peace Party, believed this to be the right moment to use Purple Peace to help achieve their revolutionary aims. Public meetings were held and there were noisy demonstrations leading to acts of criminal vandalism. As a result of this activity, the Defenders of the Right (DOTR), with its unattractive history of conflict with Red Peace, re-emerged with a number of counter demonstrations and meetings.

Here, the planners spell out the Generals' concern with Labour Party (Purple Peace, indeed) entryists.

During August, the NATO commanders proclaimed a state of 'Military Vigilance' in anticipation of war, and thus ordered the mobilisation of reserves and US reinforcements, which actually took place during the *Crusader* exercises. As revealed last week, HMG's plans included the removal of art treasures to safe storage late in August; on 31 August, the subversives again emerged with

industrial arrest (sic) and large scale activity by extreme left and right wing parties

soon followed by British expatriates fleeing from the continent. In the West Midlands Region, to which special parts of the brief are directed, this activity is merely 'pacifism as a front for subversion'; thus troops are called in to deal with anti-war demonstrations in Stafford and the West Midlands. For reasons unexplained, 'extreme left wing' subversion mainly amounts to arson on a Stafford supermarket and a few industrial sites.

During the next two weeks, British Airways and nationalised shipping are taken over, and the Prime Minister speaks to the nation on TV

and radio. The plans do not anticipate that people will obey official propaganda directives to stay at home, and after the first few (conventional) bombing attacks:

Those living in high rise flats and in areas generally thought to be obvious targets leave home quickly.

In Warwickshire, for example, the population increases by 200,000, or around 50 per cent, as evacuees flood out of Birmingham. As various official pronouncements have made clear, the government would do its worst to stop evacuations taking place. One of the measures envisaged is spelt out bluntly in last year's Home Office Circular ES1/79 on 'Food and Agriculture Controls in War' — starvation. 'There would be no question of implementing emergency feeding arrangements during the pre-attack period for those persons who chose to ignore the government's advice to stay in their own homes', it says. Local authorities do generally have small food reserves for emergency, usually held within the school meals system. But these rations would be reserved for the staff of local authority bunkers only. The main government 'strategic food stockpile' is held by the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food at a series of Buffer Depots up and down the country. All food depots would be 'Key Points' and guarded by military and police.

Health services, as well as food, would be strictly rationed. The *Square Leg* plans define the technique of *triage*, a French invention of the First World War. Three categories of survivors are considered: those who will survive without treatment, those who will survive with available simple treatment and the remainder. Under *triage*, the remainder go without drugs or treatment. The concept of *triage* has scarcely been used — or even thought about — since the bloodshed of the Somme.

Contd. on p.6



Peter Kellner, Political Editor

Why does Denis Healey look so cheerful?

PLEASE DISREGARD everything you have read since last week about the break-up of the Labour Party, the inevitability of the left winning the leadership, and the regrettable arrival of a once-great party at the knacker's yard. It is all rubbish. Mostly it is rubbish coming from people who oppose Labour anyway; but sometimes it comes from sympathisers with the Labour right. Only Peter Jenkins of the *Guardian* has been honest enough to declare his wish to see the party break up; so we can aim off for his wishful thinking. It is important to aim off for everyone else's wishful thinking, too (including, if you want, my own, which is to see the party stay together).

One of the troubles with analysing what happened at Blackpool is that both the right and left are hyping up the left's victories. It seems to have occurred to few people that the left has so far only won a few tactical battles — that, in fact, Tony Benn's left is well short of secure control of the party, and may indeed never achieve it. Such an idea fits neither the optimism of the left nor the demonology of the right.

Let us, however, look at the arithmetic of a new leadership electoral college. Not only does it suggest that Benn cannot succeed Callaghan; on one plausible scenario it has actually become more likely that Denis Healey will become leader.

What follows is not a forecast; it is what the Treasury would call an illustration. The actual vote will depend on a number of things: the timing of Callaghan's departure; who stands; the precise nature of the new electoral college; and so on. My point is that widening the leadership franchise may well be an intrinsically radical act, rather like giving women the vote after the first world war; but just as the suffragettes' victory has in practice helped the Conservatives (the opinion poll evidence is overwhelming that women are significantly more prone than men to vote Tory), so the new method of selecting Labour's leader could help the right more than the left.

FIRST, SOME BASIC figures. The most widely canvassed size for an electoral college is 2,000. If it consisted of 40 per cent MPs, 30 per cent trade unions and other affiliated organisations, and 30 per cent constituency parties, then this is how the college would look: Labour's 268 MPs would have 800 votes between them, or 3 votes each (2.985, actually, but let's try to keep decimal points out of this as far as we can).

The trade unions' 594 votes (600 minus the six that would go to small groups such as the Co-operative Party) would provide major block votes for the TGWU (115), AUEW engineers (85), GMWU (60), NUPE (55) and USDAW (40). Smaller constituency parties would have just under one vote each — decimals would be needed here — and larger constituency parties almost two votes each.

(If the college were some other size, all votes would be scaled up or down, but the *relative* strengths in a 40-30-30 division would of course remain.)

It is reasonable to assume that the same kind of exhaustive ballot as is used by MPs now, would be employed by the college: that is, unless a candidate obtains more than half the total votes in the first round, the lowest-scoring candidates would be eliminated in turn until a clear victor emerges.

Now we can examine how the college and the present system might perform. I have compared notes with two numerate Labour MPs from opposite wings of the party; they have compared notes with each other; but since candour in these things requires anonymity I shall simply call them L and R.



Shore and Benn: competing for the anti-Healey vote

On the present system L and R agree that a first round ballot involving Tony Benn, Peter Shore and Denis Healey, would give 40-50 votes to Benn, 80-95 to Shore, and 120-135 to Healey. So Healey might just achieve the 135 votes he would need (out of 268 MPs) to win a first round victory; but if he fell short, there would be a Shore-Healey run-off. L is convinced that Healey would be close enough to 135 to pick up the votes he would need, especially if the first round includes more marginal candidates like John Silkin and Roy Hattersley. (There is nothing personal about this observation, simply that few MPs expect them to score heavily enough to survive round one.)

R is not so sure that Healey would win. It depends on about 20 anti-marketisers on the right and centre of the party: if they line up behind Shore and there are no cavalier defections from Benn to Healey in the run-off, then R foresees the possibility of a narrow Shore win.

The critical point, however, is that any run-off in elections confined to the Parliamentary Labour Party would be between Shore and Healey. That would give Shore an outside but not hopeless chance of winning, because of the coalition of anti-Healey MPs he might be able to muster.

NOW TO THE COLLEGE. Again I assume the same three main candidates. This is how L's guesstimates, applied to the kind of college I have described, would work:

Round one	Local parties	TUs etc	MPs	Total
Healey	90	330	390	810
Benn	450	180	120	750
Shore	30	60	240	330
Others	30	30	50	110
Total	600	600	800	2000

The run-off then would be between Healey and Benn. At first sight this scenario would vindicate the left's claim to have achieved an important constitutional advance at Blackpool, for Benn gets further this way than he does with MPs. But the price the left then pays is heavy, for L expects Benn to pick up very few round two votes from Shore; Healey would emerge the clear winner.

He would obtain 1150-1200 votes, against Benn's 800-850.

Again, R does not think the prospects are so clear cut. He thinks Benn will not dominate the constituency vote to the extent that L envisages. As R puts it, 'the constituencies will have to behave properly for once, and that won't help the left'. But he concedes that Benn will still obtain at least half the constituency vote — and many more than Shore. It is precisely this prospect, R believes, that would galvanise the anti-Healey forces in the trade unions and among MPs to back Shore: they know they must get Shore, not Benn, into the run-off.

I cannot see it working, chiefly because it would require a combination of organisation and cynicism that the Labour movement does not possess to the required degree. Take L himself. He readily concedes that the only way to beat Healey is to have Shore in the run-off; and to ensure this will require tactical decisions not to vote for Benn, *even in round one*. He realises the constituencies won't see it that way — 'they're not good enough marxists' — but, more to the point he says cannot bring *himself* to desert Benn: 'I have to vote for Tony in round one, I *have* to.'

Given widespread backing in the constituencies, Benn would need only modest round-one support from left-wing unions and MPs to ensure that he and not Shore survived as the main anti-Healey candidate.

So the paradox of the electoral college boils down to this. The constituency parties will be able to give a hard-left candidate a good chance of getting into the finals; but the very act of achieving this is likely to create a majority coalition around the main anti-left candidate. The PLP voting on its own, on the other hand, will eliminate a hard-left candidate early on; but may as a result construct a majority for an alternative candidate opposed to the establishment right.

There are, of course, different ways of doing the sums. But it would take both a radically different form of college, together with some really fierce tactical horse-trading between trade union leaders and candidates, to upset that broad conclusion.

All of which is far removed from elevated debates about the worthiness of extending the leadership franchise, and even further from the bitter rhetoric of squabbles that may yet, irrationally, reduce the party to impotence. But it does perhaps help to explain why, after last week's votes at Blackpool, Denis Healey was looking rather cheerful, and Peter Shore distinctly glum.

World War III

Contd. from p.4

Amid this unsavoury environment, other 'restricted' *Square Leg* plans give a brutally frank summary of military post strike tasks to control those who survive. Task no 1 is the 'Maintenance of law and order — Greatest problem urban areas.' Number 2 is the 'Control of selfish and disgruntled minorities' who ought to have known to obey *Protect and Survive*'s command to stay at home in target zones. Military justice appears in the next two tasks: 'Support and protect special courts'; and 'execution of sentences'.

The military and police will provide guards for convoys, Key Points, bunkers, and 'personal protection for VIPs'. They will also, the plans reveal, provide 'guards on internment areas'; this reference is the first time that explicit confirmation of internment camps has appeared in civil defence plans.

From other sources, the *New Statesman* has also received details of further plans, including a diagram of a 'Joint Service Command and Control System ... after Nuclear Strike'. This indicates that the Prime Minister and central government will share a secure and secret bunker with the Defence

Staffs, while the military administration of the UK will be carried out by the UK Commanders in Chief Committee, whose bunker is believed to be near the army HQ at Salisbury. The location of the central government Maggiebunker is not revealed, but the diagram warns cheerfully: 'Central Command and Control Agencies may not Survive a Nuclear Strike'.

NATO war plans will once again be exercised in January/February, and a feature of these WINTEX exercises is always the manning of the Maggiebunker and other war centres by senior civil servants impersonating the politicians concerned. According to *The Times*, however, Mrs Thatcher greatly enjoys playing her own part in going to war, did so in WINTEX 80, and will do so again in three months' time.

More plans for taking over civilian roads are revealed in a further map we have seen. Besides the Home Office's plan for sealing off major roads, in an emergency, it now appears that the Army has devised its own, exotic system. The Army has codenamed the roads it wants with such titles as CAT and DOG. The military M6 would be BUCK — the main road from Manchester to Hull has been christened PIG.

The civil defence critics' ranks were joined

last week by Dr David Owen whose own riposte* to *Protect and Survive* (and E. P. Thompson's *Protest and Survive*) notes that 'the Royal Family ... politicians, the admirals, generals, air marshals all survive. But millions of others lose their lives. Money is to be spent on sub-regional headquarters; the governors will go underground; the governed will stay on top.' Owen, however, appears to retain the belief that good civil defence is needed to 'enhance the credibility' of the UK's deterrent posture, since 'there has to be a belief that a nuclear response might be used' by a democratic government. This misses the point; as has now become abundantly clear, there is another way of making a deterrent credible in a democracy without massive spending on civil defence. Make plans, and hold exercises to show that in the event the government can proceed to war without consent by means of bunkers, special courts, internment camps, troops against demonstrations, firing squads, blocked roads and impounded food. This method is cheaper than real civil defence, and has now been tested extensively by *Square Leg*.

**Negotiate and Survive*, published by the Campaign for Labour Victory.

UNIONS

Patrick Wintour

The little-known role of the CEEB in Britain's union war

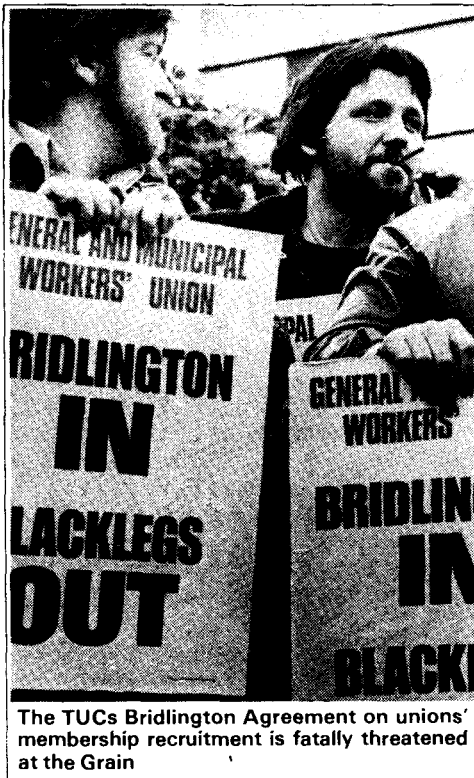
The Isle of Migraine

NOT EVEN the TUC's own-goal record would have prepared people, fifteen months ago, for the idea that a row over lay-off pay for 57 men at the Isle of Grain power station might turn into a dispute capable of leaving Britain with two separate, antagonistic union movements. There is a long history of craft-union rivalry in Britain, and a not inconsiderable history of political and personal dislike between David Basnett of the General and Municipal Workers and Frank Chapple of the Electricians. All the same, this seems hardly enough to create so much fissile energy, and indeed there is another, remarkably inconspicuous author of this dispute: the Central Electricity Generating Board, one of the largest corporations in the late-capitalist world, and one of the most behaviourally eccentric. Nothing in this dispute can be understood without reference to the lurching progress of the CEEB's construction-management policy over the past ten years, and in particular experiment with a device called the 'reimbursable contract.'

Stand by for numerous acronyms. They are, however, worth enduring in an attempt to understand whether all of the blame for this debacle really attaches to the embattled unions.

JUST NOW the CEEB, faced with the awesome task of trying to order 12 nuclear power stations by the year 2000, is desperate to find some way of sorting out productivity problems on its large, and mostly delayed construction sites. Plaintively, it says that its large power stations are built at one-third the speed which applies in France and in America.

The CEEB's immediate objective is to restore authority, and wage-negotiating powers, to union national officers, and remove it from site shop-stewards, because of the risk of leap-frogging bonus claims. Honourably enough, perhaps, most national



The TUCs Bridlington Agreement on unions' membership recruitment is fatally threatened at the Grain

union officers in the construction industry support this aim, but in doing so some may have gone dangerously far towards assuming the role which management ought to be undertaking for itself. Witness Mr John Baldwin of the Construction Section of the AUEW, before the Commons Select Committee on Energy:

Over the years the second-tier wages structure (local agreements) negotiated has increased four times and in some cases five times more than the (skilled) basic rate of pay. Working people look to those who can get them the most and therefore they have looked to the militancy of the shop stewards and the power they have been able to exercise over a weak management and they have

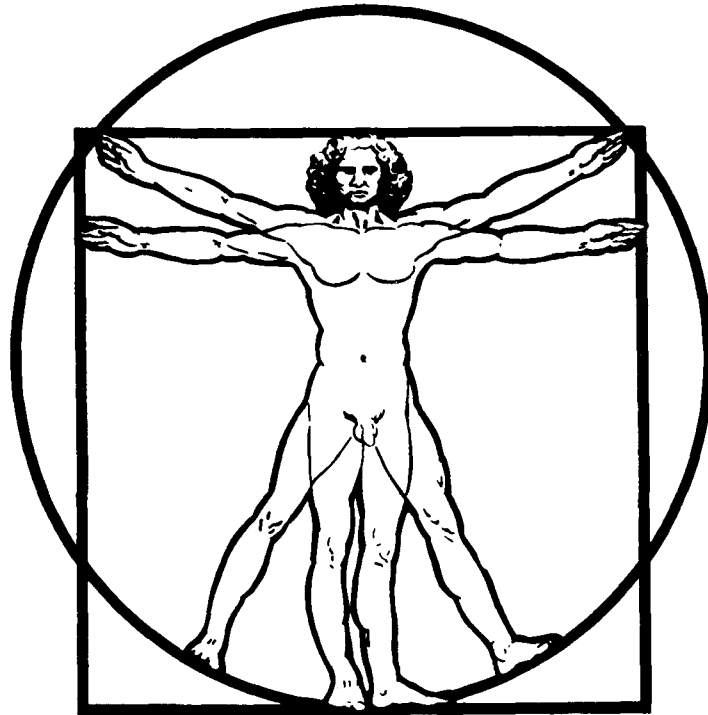
now been seen to be the leaders of the industry. ... it is my view there is no real control over the kind of money that is paid out and the reasons it is paid out.

When a G&M regional official says that 'Baldwin's mob are doing the CEEB's dirty work for them,' he expressed the kind of gut-reaction which is not surprising among trade-union loyalists confronted with such essentially managerial sentiments. But as far as Mr Baldwin's 30,000-strong AUEW Construction Section, Terry Duffy's 1.1 million engineers, and Frank Chapple's 450,000 electricians are concerned, the G&M's laggards represent nothing more than men determined to extract unreasonable local bonuses, whatever the consequences. In this, they line up with the CEEB, the Engineering Employers' Federation (EEF) and the Oil and Chemical Plant Contractors Association (OCPA).

But there are capitalists on the other side as well. In order to break the G&M laggards' monopoly of insulation-work, the profitable monopoly of their employers, the Thermal Insulation Contractors Association (Tica) will also have to be damaged. Indeed, it already has been at the oil refiners in West Wales, where Tica as well as the G&M have been excluded from the site. In Baldwin's words, Tica are now

going to have to pay a price for not identifying with the problems of the industry. Companies within Tica have been getting very rich and easy pickings ... In West Wales Tica won't be getting many of the contracts for the lagging. It will be done by the main contractors themselves.

THE COMPLAINT against the Tica/G&M alliance is that high bonus earnings were not only too costly in their own right, but were causing problems with other craft unions. According to the CEEB, the laggards' bonus deal at Grain has risen from £1.35 an hour in 1977 to £4.50 and sometimes £8 per hour, and action was necessary because of 'intense pressure



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POLEMIC: on the intellectual character of Sir Ian Gilmour, 'moderate'

Much further out than appears, not thinking, but frowning

THE CAPTAIN is in her bunk, drinking bottled ditchwater; and the crew is gambling in the forecabin. She will strike, and sink and split. Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favour of England because you were born in it? There are those who do. As the Tory management of Heartbreak House becomes steadily more farouche, a discernible group prepares, not for strategic withdrawal, but for tactical retreat.

The stocks are sold and the press is squared, even if the middle class remains uneasy. And the squared press has selected Sir Ian Gilmour as rescuer. Once you have a script (*Tory moderates say 'Change course'*) you need a cast. The script and the cast may bear no relation to reality, but you can't have moderation without moderates, and though the fastidious Sir Ian may object, he slots neatly into the dusty mental universe of British political punditry. On the strength of a speech this year in Cambridge and a book published in 1977 (*Inside Right*) he has been cast as the 'One Nation' Tory. Nobody has ordered this particular bill of goods, but that won't prevent its delivery.

Sir Ian has just endured a sub-literate attack from the Monday Club. He dislikes Hayek (for claiming to be a liberal). He may have once owned the *Spectator*, exhibit some show of learning, and possess the charm conferred (sometimes) by Eton, Balliol, the Guards and the Inner Temple. But these things do not make him Disraeli, and none of those trying to coin this image can possibly have read *Inside Right*.

THE BOOK is not 'wet': it is a stubborn defence of ultra-conservatism, recruiting authorities as disparate as Coleridge, Hailsham and Lord Hugh Cecil, and often improving substantially upon any innate reaction that he mines from them. He approves

... Cecil's belief that without a limit on it 'taxation may develop into robbery' ... *Even at a time of ever-rising crime, many taxpayers find the Inland Revenue even more predatory than thieves and robbers.*

Our italics, not Lord Vestey's. More originally, he suggests that we need multinationals to defend liberty against the state, and shows a neat talent for assuming what he has to

prove. A British Communist or fully Socialist state would, 'one hopes, be less ruthless and bloodthirsty than Soviet Russia. It would presumably be like one of the Eastern European so-called People's Democracies.'

Or presumably not. Sir Ian doesn't accuse his friends in the Palestine Liberation Organisation of being slaves to Moscow, even though they actually receive substantial support from that quarter. The same uncomplicated bigotry appears in his account of trade unionism:

... inconvenience, discomfort, hardship and misery ... have been caused by trade union leaders' ruthless use of the strike weapon ... Business morality may occasionally be deficient: all too often trade union morality seems non-existent.

Note the slippery use of 'presumably'. Note the delightful placing of 'occasionally'. Note the old amalgam technique, which makes any opponent a fellow-traveller. (Dizzy at least used a better class of insult: 'The smile on the Hon. Gentleman's face resembles the silver fittings on a coffin'.)

He treats his own party with more indulgence, but no more rigour. The Conservative cause, he says, is the national cause:

Anything that is good for the country is good for Conservatism. Admittedly, the national interest does not always provide a clear and infallible guide for political action. But then there is no such guide for politics ...

On such evidence, he is indeed undogmatic, to the stage of deliquescence. What of his intellectual claims? Toryism, he says, is distinguished by its contempt for theory. He dragoons Coleridge to his support by one-dimensional quotation from that complex writer, who did indeed rightly observe that 'a person can never, but by his own fault, become a thing, or without grievous wrong, be treated as such'. To this Sir Ian adds

This principle, derived from Kant, is one of the bases of Conservative philosophy ... Kulaks, Jews, Poles, Cambodians are starved or murdered wholesale by tyrants, because they are regarded as things, or types or as obstructions to some desired end.

When he wrote those lines, he could not have known that today he would be publicly



defending the cause of Pol Pot. But he must have known the record of his party on the fate of Poland, and (until rather late) on the fate of Europe's Jews. The intellectual's task of showing how his own views do, or might, cohere is not even attempted: nor the corollary effort to state accurately the case which is being attacked. He does not even register the socialist objection that capitalism turns whole classes and races of persons into categories and things. His method is purely innuendo:

Moreover Labour leaders do not parade their Socialist zeal during elections ... only after the votes have been cast do they sink gratefully back into factional Socialism.

That remark is saved from being absolute balderdash by the fact that it is exactly 180 degrees away from the truth. Sir Ian does indeed propose a less bullying and arrogant style of Tory conduct, but he prefers trimmers only because they have a better chance of getting away with it (this argument being best developed in his chapter on the eccentric Quintin Hogg). And this matters, because when and if 'Two Nations' becomes an obvious loser, we can expect a lot of easy talk about being 'One Nation' again, with Sir Ian Gilmour being prepared as its threadbare spokesman. If it were not so, we could leave him with Coleridge, who provided in describing *The Character of Mr Pitt* an entirely suitable intellectual obituary for Sir Ian:

As his reasonings, even so his eloquence. One character pervades his whole being. Words on words, finely arranged, and so dexterously consequent, that the whole bears the semblance of argument, and still keeps awake a sense of surprise; but when all is done, nothing remarkable has been said: no one philosophical remark, no one image, not even a pointed aphorism.

... for parity of earnings with the laggards.' In fact, the Boilermakers' senior shop steward at the Grain says he has no objection to the money the laggards were getting, and it seems likelier that the initiative against them actually came from the CEEB itself.

In late summer 1978 the CEEB made an inquiry into the laggards' bonus scheme, and they say that it shows that lost time and apprentices' time was not being properly calculated. The G&M response is that they were never told such an audit was planned, and have never seen its results — and besides, that the essence of the laggards' deal was that their earnings would not be reduced by having to wait for

work or by being given work which for no fault of their own could not be measured. Members of the Energy Select Committee who have seen the audit are said to be reasonably convinced that bonuses were partly unearned, but the technique of audit-in-secret hardly seems a workable management principle.

According to the CEEB, laggards are able to get lavish deals from contractors by keeping a tight control of the labour supply — all of those at the Grain come from one G&M branch — and because they come late on site, when everyone is desperate to complete.

ARGUMENTS OVER the skill involved are

bitter. The G&M laggards point to their four years City & Guilds apprenticeship scheme, which produces the Thermal Insulation Certificate. Certainly their job involves risks of asbestosis, and at the Grain there has been a tough battle to get proper protective clothing. The other side say that Babcock Power and GEC have been able to train laggards inside a month, and that the Certificate is mere professional mystification. But it is the recent history of CEEB power station construction which has fed the bitterness of these disputes.

Two reports, in 1970 and 1976, from the National Economic Development Organisation (NEDO) followed the 1969 Wilson Committee

inquiry into large power station commissioning: industrial disputes, especially over bonuses, were identified as a central problem. A National Site Agreement, covering all craft workers in the industry, on every issue from basic pay to holidays, was required. Serious attempts to extract such a thing from the bowels of the corporate state began under the auspices of a 'little Neddy' in 1976. After two years, they foundered because the two sets of employers, the conservative EEF and the more expansive OCPCA, could not agree on what an agreement ought to contain. The employers kept no minutes of the meetings, attendance was discontinuous, and in 1979 NEDO, exasperated, intervened again and appointed an independent chairman. The new chairman's efforts ground to a halt in January this year when the electricians (who are expected to be a party to the agreement) got a deal from the electrical Joint Industry Board which was 50p an hour more than the EEF and OCPCA had negotiated.

So far, the G&M have not attended any of these meetings aimed at producing a national agreement: it is not easy to discover whether this is because they weren't invited, or because they refused to turn up. Inevitably, they would have exhibited some reluctance about joining a national agreement which would mean 'harmonisation' of the ladders' bonus, which has been running high for some years. And Tica, whose members get only 15 per cent of their business from construction sites, have demonstrated little enthusiasm.

THE HIGH BONUSES stem from the fact that ever since the Wilson Committee reported, the CEGB has been using 'reimbursable contracts', notably at the Isle of Grain (which was ordered in the high old days when the Generating Board was predicting an ever-escalating demand for oil-fired electrical power). This involves the payment to a contractor of a fixed management fee, covering head office costs and profits, but providing for reimbursement from the CEGB for all the direct costs in site erection. To the Wilson Committee this appeared an excellent wheeze because

Reimbursable contracts are cheaper to prepare than lump sum contracts and generally take less time . . . Most important the client does not have to specify exactly what he wants when he goes out to tender. . .

More sceptically, this might sound like a blank cheque for contractors and their employees. Certainly, without a national site agreement being procured in the meantime, it was a recipe for disaster. Spokesmen for the CEGB now ruefully admit that it is operators like themselves, who have most closely followed the Wilson recommendations, who have 'got themselves into the biggest mess.'

At the Drax station, ordered more recently, reimbursable contracts have been eschewed. But the immediate, explosive dispute stems from the fact that in the summer of 1979 the CEGB appears to have decided to extract itself from its self-fabricated embarrassment at the Grain by a species of unilateral action. The lagging contractors Cape, Darlington & Newell (Tica members) were told to tear up their bonus contract with the G&M ladders. The men were given three months' notice of a new contract, with a bonus ceiling of £4.60 per hour.

Quite how the dispute was expected to proceed is hard to say. But the CEGB must have

known that serious consequences would flow from demanding an effective £50 wage-cut from well-organised employees whose high rates were a direct consequence of the Board's own actions.

DESPITE ITS OWN ultimate responsibility, the CEGB has given little comfort to the TUC's attempts at cooling-off this witches' brew. Since spring, the G&M has accepted a lowering of the ladders' bonuses to meet other craft rates. It has offered to work temporarily on part of the Grain site under a mechanical engineering contractor, rather than a Tica member, using the national agreement for thermal insulation with the productivity payments specified for mechanical engineering. The CEGB refused the offer, ostensibly because no engineering contractor would use even a modified Tica agreement. But the CEGB's financial muscle could surely persuade contractors to change their minds.

Meanwhile, at the site, the shop stewards take the view that before any of the rival ladders who have crossed picket lines to work on No. 1 boiler can be redeployed elsewhere in the site, there must be new jobs offered to the 600 other men who have been sacked since the dispute began. John Baldwin of the AEUW construction section — who points out that a third of his membership is unemployed — is meanwhile determined to stand by his ladders at least until they have finished No. 1 boiler, probably at the end of the year. He says there is no point accepting the TUC formula because certainly the GECB and perhaps the ladders at the site will not accept it. Indeed a special ladders' conference wants a national strike. The G&M are furious at the blacklegging in west Wales where they and Tica have accepted a bonus ceiling. Meanwhile, Mr Baldwin's union will very probably have been expelled from the TUC, and an already muddled pool will darken further.

Engineering: Finniston and Britain's future.

The future of engineering education, and therefore the future of British manufacturing industry, have become the subjects of lively debate since the publication of the Finniston Report.

Eight pages of this week's Times Higher Education Supplement are devoted to a day-long symposium held to discuss the Report.

Also in this week's issue:

- * Anthony Quinton on Francis Bacon.
- * The Philanthropic Foundation: the British and American experience compared.



Every Friday

Public money and private vandalism

The political and social charisma of the British farmer is eclipsed only by that of motherhood. But in a forthcoming book MARION SHOARD reveals how 30 years of lavish State subsidy, plus revolutionary changes in agricultural technology, have made Britain's farmers into ruthless exploiters of our economy — and into wreckers of the surpassingly beautiful landscape which once they helped to create. In a remarkable new analysis, she shatters the mythology which gives the farmers' lobby, and its £4½ billion burden upon the economy, exemption from Thatcherism's renewed crusade against public spending. Next week, a second article based on her book *The Theft of the Countryside** moves on from fiscal privilege to describe in detail the destruction of woodland and meadow, and to demolish the archaic reasoning which justifies it in the name of 'strategic self-sufficiency'.

* Published 16 October by Maurice Temple Smith: hardback £9, paperback £4.95.

THE ERA of the featherbedded British farmer began with Clement Attlee's Labour government, and the 1947 Agriculture Act. Introducing it, agriculture minister Tom Williams said, with only slight exaggeration, that it was the most far-reaching step ever taken in the history of agriculture: it would enable farmers 'to plan ahead with certain knowledge of market and price'.

This remarkable facility, scarcely granted to any other group of businessmen, was — and is — defended in the name of strategic security. Over the years, with the additional effects of agricultural protectionism inside the EEC, the result has been to make farmers into the only British producers who are guaranteed that whatever they produce will be sold at an acceptable price, regardless of the level of demand and regardless of the overall level of production. The creation of an infinite market — admittedly initiated by Labour, but eagerly pursued by Tory ministers, not infrequently farmers themselves — has tempted farmers to expand production indefinitely. In a world where any amount of production is profitably saleable, every unfelled wood or undrained wetland is forfeited profit.

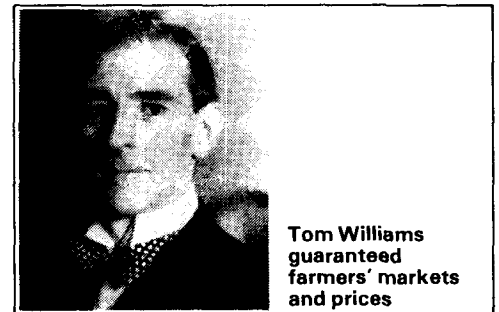
'DEFICIENCY PAYMENTS' were the method of price support adopted by Labour's 1947 Act. If market prices fell below a guaranteed level, designed to ensure a profit for farmers, then a deficiency payment from the taxpayer eliminated the difference. Food imports were subject to tariffs and quotas.

Entry to the EEC has caused the level of price support to rise, and shifted more of its burden from the taxpayer to the consumer. First, a trade barrier around the EEC's collec-

tive border inhibits competition from cheap food produced elsewhere by the imposition of levies which EEC consumers pay in the form of higher food prices; the money is channelled to Brussels to help finance the Common Market system. Thus the average retail price of butter inside the EEC is double the Hong Kong price; sugar is nearly three times the world price, barley two-and-a-half times, and cheese and beef almost twice.

The full system of EEC price support, however, involves the taxpayer as well as the consumer. Instead of a deficiency-payment system, the EEC's Intervention Boards have to buy up any surplus foodstuffs which consumers refuse to buy at the existing guaranteed prices — which themselves have nearly always been set too high for production and consumption to remain in balance. Thus the notorious stockpiles of butter, cheese, beef, veal, wine, wheat, olive oil and pigmeat have been accumulated to be disposed of at knock-down prices outside Europe, or destroyed.

In 1980, the Community expects to spend nearly £6 billion, the larger part of its budget, on dealing with surpluses, and on one calculation the effect of the Common Agricultural Policy is to raise food prices inside Britain by 12 per cent overall⁽¹⁾. But not all the surpluses are generated across the Channel, as our agricultural lobbyists seem sometimes to imply. Our own UK Intervention Board for Agricultural Produce spent £450 million in 1979 on buying and disposing of surpluses. The net cost to the British exchequer was £36 million. By the end of the year, it had managed to get rid of 67,000 tons of skimmed milk powder mainly by selling them for animal feed. But it was not easy to denature butter so



Tom Williams
guaranteed
farmers' markets
and prices

that it could be fed back to the cows that produced it in the first place, and £80 million-worth of surplus butter sat in UK stores.

The Institute for Fiscal Studies calculates that in 1980 the cost of the CAP to the British taxpayer and consumer amounts to £3,153 million. This is made up of a net £340 million taxpayers' contribution to the CAP and £2,813 million, mainly as higher prices to consumers. However, as British farmers receive £1,558 million from the CAP the net cost to Britain as a nation — if not to taxpayers and consumers — is £1,595 million. Our table aims only to show the value of benefits which British farmers receive, so we have included what they get from the CAP and not what taxpayers and consumers pay in. If all the costs of supporting British agriculture were totted up they would amount to about £4½ billion.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURAL POLICY was created because of the existence of large farming communities: British farmers, though privileged, are few in number, so that Britain is ill-placed to gain any national benefits. With Peter Walker, himself a farmer, in charge of policy, the government has presented itself as demanding reforms: suggesting, so far ineffectually, that the guarantee prices of goods in continual surplus should be frozen. But it has not hesitated to give British farmers every opportunity to enrich themselves — whatever the cost in terms of countryside destruction.

Thus Mr Walker has given the largest-ever subsidies to hill farmers, which will encourage

1. *Economic Policy Review*, Dept of Applied Economics, Cambridge, March, 1978.



The public trough: What Britain's Farmers receive	
	million £s
1 Price guarantees, grants and subsidies through the Common Agricultural Policy	1,558
2 Green pound devaluations, 1979-80	340
3 Net expenditure by UK Intervention Board borne by national Exchequer	36
4 Income and capital transfer tax concessions	450
5 Rate relief	150
6 British government capital grants to farmers and water authorities for schemes to benefit farming	129
7 Maintaining a ministry of agriculture	94
8 Agricultural research	44
Total	2,801

With 293,000 British farmers, this works out at an average subsidy per head of up to £10,000: see text for explanation. Above and left — two British farmers who have benefited from protection: Peter Walker and James Prior.



Farmers Weekly

the turning-over of moorland, even in national parks, to the production of additions to the EEC surpluses. He has twice increased the price of milk, and obtained three devaluations of the 'green pound', which relates EEC farm prices to sterling. The Institute for Fiscal Studies calculates that a one per cent green pound devaluation transfers £37 million from UK consumers to UK farmers. Successive devaluations between March 1979 and March 1980 benefited farmers by about £340 million, and added four per cent to food prices.

FARMERS ARE NOT only guaranteed a market for uneconomic output: they are also given much of the capital-investment required to produce it. There is a farm capital-grant scheme wholly funded in Britain, and an EEC Farm and Horticulture Development Scheme one-quarter paid for by Britain. In 1979-80 about £171 million was paid to farmers under both schemes, at a direct cost to the taxpayer of £108 million. Land drainage projects to benefit farmers cost a further £21m.

As much as 75 per cent of the cost of buildings and 'improvements' can be gained under these schemes: for instance, in 1979 £88,000 was paid to farmers in England for uprooting bushes and trees to uncover new farmland and £659,000 to kill natural pastures like moorland, downs or hay-meadows and replace them with ryegrass monoculture (which converts more rapidly into unwanted surplus milk). A farm, sponge-like, will absorb limitless amounts of money if capital is freely available and revenue guaranteed. Grant applications are judged solely on technical viability and profit to the individual farmer, with no reference to the need for particular foodstuffs (if any) or the social and environmental consequences. In 1970 James Prior, a farmer, was Minister of Agriculture, and abolished the tests which had existed up to then, arguing that if a farmer thinks it worth spending some of his own money on a scheme, then the government should weigh in without further questions. The Ministry says surpluses produced by 'improvement' are a problem for the EEC and that insisting on a particular crop as a condition for a grant does not ensure it will be grown.

Unlike citizens who apply for legal aid, or rent rebates, farmers are not means-tested before they receive a grant. A delegation from West Germany, where capital grants go only to farmers who otherwise could not afford improvements, asked the officials at the Ministry of Agriculture if they would have given a grant to Paul Getty, had he requested one to improve the profits of his land. The answer was yes.

In February Peter Walker announced, loudly, cuts in the staff administering the capital-grant system. The effect is to remove the last restraint on this employment of public money. Formerly, farmers needed the approval of the Ministry before initiating a scheme, and this usually produced a visit to the farm, and some discussion of the scheme. Now farmers will merely carry out the work and submit the bill for payment. At the same time, paying lip service to conservation, Walker asked farmers in national parks and sites of special scientific interest to consult their national park authority or the Nature Conservancy Council before going ahead with work. But the Ministry will have little incentive to withhold a grant, thereby incurring the wrath of the farmers,

since by the time it decides whether or not to pay up the damage to conservation will already have been done. In any case, throughout its history, the Ministry has had conservation powers and duties which it has simply lacked the inclination to use. In 1979, for example, it gave farmers a grant to drain what the Nature Conservancy Council described as 'the best site in the richest part of the remaining Somerset Levels.'

The one move which might have helped curb waste, and destruction of the countryside — and would have fitted with Thatcherism's ideological claims — has not been made: imposition of a cash limit on grant money.

FEATHERBEDDING continues by other means as well, and the imperilled English countryside may be regarded as a vast tax haven. Not only do farmers and foresters enjoy large tax concessions from central government: they also enjoy complete relief from

rates. Exemption from rates was granted in 1929, when agriculture was especially depressed: an up-dating of the figures in the Layfield Report on local government finance (1976) suggests that the cost of this concession now runs at about £150 million a year.

Next, income-tax law treats farming like any other business — even though no other has a guaranteed market available — and thus allows farmers to write off the cost of new machinery and buildings against tax. If farmers had been required to pay tax at 40 per cent on the £1,075 million they spent in 1979 on new machinery and buildings, the exchequer would have benefited by £430 million.

Depreciation allowances are a further bonanza, amounting to £616 million in 1978. Had tax been paid at 40 per cent, this would have produced £246 million revenue. And farmers are allowed to average-out their profits against fluctuations in harvest: this concession was worth £10 million in 1978-9.

'Most politicians get to the top by hugging the inside track.'

Macleod ran on the outside rails'

In this week's Listener Anthony Howard looks back over the career of Tory rebel Iain Macleod — the greatest post-war orator in the Conservative Party — and asks why, despite his great gifts, he failed to become Prime Minister.

The Shock of the New

In the third of eight episodes, Robert Hughes shows how modern art has celebrated the experiences of pleasure — joy, harmony and sensual fulfilment. Read his specially written version of this major BBC 2 series every week in The Listener.



Drawing by Vicky (Evening Standard)

THE LISTENER

9 October issue. 40p

INCOME TAX APART, farmers enjoy a large degree of immunity from Capital Transfer Tax (CTT) which is intended to raise revenue from property movements, especially within families. 'Agricultural relief' and 'business relief' combine to allow 50 per cent exemption from CTT on all of a farmer's working assets — land, machinery and buildings — without upper limit. If farmers use tax planning (and the 1979 Northfield Inquiry into agricultural land-holding considered they inevitably would) then liability declines still further. Alistair Sutherland, a Cambridge economics lecturer, worked for Northfield. His unpublished report said:

A widow paying standard CTT and leaving a house plus financial assets of £50,000 to her children has a CTT rate of ten per cent. To pay at that rate a farmer's widow, with no tax planning, has to leave a farm business worth about £170,000. If there is effective tax planning, a farm worth £510,000 will pay ten per cent.

The cost of 'agricultural relief' in 1978-9 was £10 million, but the amount of 'business relief' claimed by farmers is not recorded.

Finally, there is the £94 million of taxpayers' money which pays for the Ministry of Agriculture. Without massive state support for farming, we probably would not need a separate ministry for agriculture (there isn't one for the retail trade, or for motor-cars). Most of the £94 million goes to pay the Ministry's 13,600 employees, who now have

little control over the money they hand out. And in addition, the Ministry spends £44 million on research, much of it into techniques for land 'improvement' which would not be required in any less artificial market.

All told, this mixture of price supports, grants, subsidies, tax and rate reliefs and bureaucratic servicing can be fairly added up to a £4½ billion annual burden placed upon taxpayers and consumers. Not all of this money of course goes directly into the pockets of the British farmers, since much of it pays for the European wide agricultural protection system from which farmers then benefit. But it is clear that the average annual benefit to British farmers is very high. In her book Marion Shoard estimates this at £8,500. But by including the effects of the green pound devaluations and agricultural bureaucracy and research in Britain we get a figure of nearly £10,000. This amounts to more than the average farmer's disclosed income because some of the money goes to support the industry as a whole.

What is clear is that Britain's 293,000 farmers are, to borrow a phrase from Sir Keith Joseph, 'pensioners of the State', and to an extent eclipsing anyone in heavy industry. In January the government was busily advertising its assertion that the average employee of the British Steel Corporation was being subsidised to the value of £1,800 a year — less than a fifth the average annual subsidy to our

farmers.

It may be objected that this is not a fair comparison as the British Steel figure refers to all employees in BSC whilst the farming figure is restricted to farmers, excluding farm workers. However, even if farm workers are included the average subsidy per head to the industry, based on the figures in the table, amounts to around £5,500. Furthermore, the benefits are most unevenly distributed as agricultural wages are among the lowest in Britain. In addition, the subsidy to farming is justified as being for the good of the whole nation as a whole, not for the benefit of a small group; unlike the BSC there is no expectation that the subsidy will ever stop.

It might be supposed that in return for such lavish support the farmers would pursue their activities in such a way as to harmonise with the rest of the community. But not so. On top of the financial privileges they have been given, they enjoy virtual immunity from the planning system which was set up to give the community some voice in the shaping of the environment. This exemption gives the farmers a free hand to devastate the countryside in search of state-subsidised profit, and they are doing so with ruthless energy.

NEXT WEEK: The technology and geography of destruction, the phoney case for 'strategic self-sufficiency' in food and how the countryside can be saved from the farmers.

SOCIETY AT WORK (1) Rob Rohrer and Rick Rogers

DOCUMENTS OBTAINED by the *New Statesman* reveal that Professor Robert Haszeldine, Principal of the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology (UMIST), intervened unfairly in the selection procedures that led to his appointment to one of the country's top educational posts. For six months Haszeldine sat on the committee searching for a successor to Lord Bowden as UMIST Principal. He then declared his own interest in the post and withdrew from the committee. But UMIST documents marked 'Strictly Private' show that Haszeldine was still passing on potentially damaging opinions about four of his closest rivals several weeks after he had indicated his possible candidature.

Haszeldine was subsequently chosen as principal from a shortlist of four — including two whose application files contained brief, potentially harmful, and in two cases inaccurate, assessments following enquiries by Haszeldine. Haszeldine is now regarded by some as a leading contender for the Vice-Chancellorship of Manchester University, where Sir Arthur Armitage has announced his intention to retire.

When Bowden decided to step down as UMIST principal Haszeldine was head of UMIST's chemistry department, a position he had held since 1957. Faced with Bowden's departure UMIST set up a Committee of Recommendation for the Principalship — to become known as CREEP. Haszeldine was a member of this committee from its formation in April 1975. CREEP began by setting up a sub-committee to draw up a shortlist of names for final interview:

having in the process made under the seal of confidentiality such approaches or enquiries as seem-

Academic appointment under UMIST rules

The self-selecting Vice-Chancellor

ed... necessary.

Haszeldine was also a member of this sub-committee. The sub-committee met four times to consider its soundings about distinguished academics and industrialists who had not applied and to sift the response to its public advertisements. Finally it looked at possible internal candidates.

Four UMIST academics had been approached by UMIST's Registrar Donald McWilliam. One had expressed no interest and the other three believed the

aim should be to secure an external appointment, providing that a candidate of outstanding calibre... could be found.

One of the three holding this view was Haszeldine. But on 17 October 1975 Haszeldine withdrew from a CREEP meeting when the question of internal candidates was discussed. The minutes record that he indicated there were circumstances in which 'he would be prepared to allow his name to go forward.'

By 24 November Haszeldine, it was announced at a CREEP meeting, was the only internal candidate recommended for shortlisting. The same meeting was told

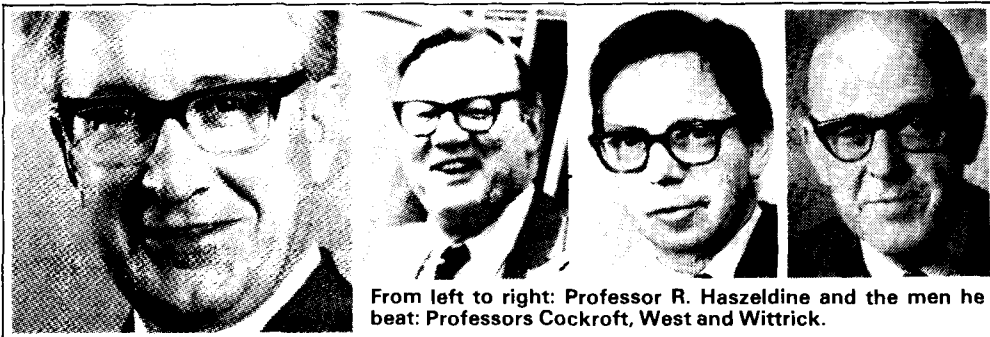
Haszeldine had 'taken no further part in the deliberations of the sub-committee' after 17 October.

But there is clear evidence that Haszeldine, after 17 October, was still playing an active role in assessing the suitability of candidates who were to become his closest rivals on the final shortlist. 'Strictly Private' memoranda, written by UMIST Registrar McWilliam (a member of both CREEP and its sub-committee), reveal that Haszeldine vetted four other candidates and passed on critical opinions about them committee members. One memo records:

Professor Haszeldine telephoned on 6 November 1975. He has made enquiries of colleagues at Birmingham University who say that professor Wittrick is a nice, fair-minded chap. He is head of Chemical Engineering and Science group, but being somewhat indecisive on occasions would appear to lack the kind of leadership one would expect in a vice-chancellor.

Wittrick was in fact, head of Civil Engineering.

A second memo, also referring to a telephone conversation between Haszeldine and McWilliam on 6 November, says:



From left to right: Professor R. Haszeldine and the men he beat: Professors Cockroft, West and Wittrick.

By chance, he (Haszeldine) has recently met a colleague from Hull and has obtained some information on Professor Cockcroft. He is apparently of very strong personality and ambitious, but has no contact with industry, and would probably not be very keen to become personally involved in this ... he is not regarded as being particularly distinguished in the research field.

Professor W.H. Cockcroft, at the time, was head of mathematics at Hull.

Another memo reported a telephone conversation between Haszeldine and McWilliam. Haszeldine had gleaned that 'Both professors are regarded as very pleasant people, but sometimes inclined to be indecisive, although Professor West is firmer in this respect than Professor Scott ... Professor Haszeldine had the impression that neither were considered

seriously for the Vice-Chancellorship of Sussex.'

Haszeldine's rather dismissive impression was well wide of the truth as far as one candidate was concerned. Professor J.C. West, then head of Electrical Engineering at Sussex University, has told the *New Statesman* he withdrew from the Sussex Vice-Chancellor stakes 'as soon as I heard that my name was being bandied around.' West felt Sussex needed an external appointment.

From the assessments gathered by Professor Haszeldine on Scott, West, Wittrick and Cockcroft none appeared to be Vice-Chancellor material. Less than five years later, however, three of them are Vice-Chancellors: West at Bradford university, Cockcroft at Ulster University, and Scott at La

Trobe, in Australia.

At its meeting on 24 November 1975 CREEP shortlisted four candidates, Haszeldine and three outsiders, including West and Cockcroft. Two CREEP members expressed their disquiet that Haszeldine was on the shortlist. The minutes record one member's worry that

Others who had not been privy to the deliberations of the sub-committee might, were Professor Haszeldine to be appointed to the Principalship, feel that, by remaining a member of the sub-committee until such a late stage, he had been in a position to influence the sub-committee against rival candidates.

The same member emphasised that he and other members 'knew there could be no truth in any such suggestion'.

SOCIETY AT WORK (2) Judith Cook

Law'n'order as an entrepreneurial activity

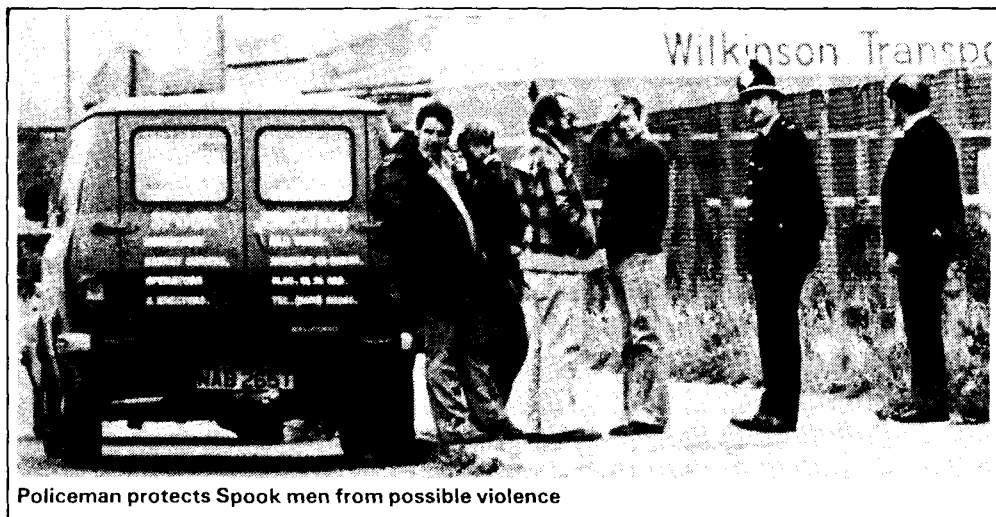
Spook Erection and the gypsies

SPOOK ERECTION is the name of a company that throws gypsies out of their homes; it is employed by several Midlands councils. The law requires councils to provide gypsies with official sites; to evict gypsies from unauthorised sites they need a court order. But it is now becoming clear that the law is providing little protection for many gypsies. Court orders are not always obtained; Spook's people are apt to use violence and intimidation; and there is disturbing evidence that Spook's methods are condoned by some local police and council officers.

Spook was founded 12 years ago by Mr Nigel Amadeus Sylvester Mabe. Its formal purpose is leasing and running local markets. There are about 40, one in Edinburgh having 1800 stalls, for example. Another, at Moreton in Gloucestershire, had 249 stalls the day I visited it, rented out at £4 a time to stallholders. Special Spook coaches brought in shoppers from a 30-mile radius to purchase the bric-a-brac and cheap clothing available at the stalls. (Unlike normal markets, Spook's do not go in for selling fresh food.)

Yet alongside that relatively benign activity, Spook also provides its altogether more dubious eviction services. Its clients include the Gloucestershire, Herefordshire and Staffordshire county councils. Neither Spook nor its clients are willing to discuss the company's tactics, so the main (but not only) eye-witness accounts come from their victims. Yet after questioning a number of them independently, the picture that emerges is too consistent to be easily dismissed.

ALL SPOOK'S strong arm bands appear to work on the same principle. There is no regular payroll, so the people who use violence are not Spook employees. The company pays a cash 'fee' rather than a wage: usually £10 per eviction, £10 for every caravan towed away, (A frightened gypsy is likely to look further afield for a fresh site than a gypsy who is gently advised 'to move along there'.) One case vividly illustrates what can happen. A number of gypsies were staying at a car park in Stafford with the written permission of Mr Tony Hackman, the Borough Surveyor. Last September they were joined by an influx of Irish gypsies. The National Gypsy Council, aware this would cause trouble, quickly started organising their dispersal. But the Council was never given the chance to put its plans into effect.



Policeman protects Spook men from possible violence

On 7 September one of the original travellers contacted Hughie Smith, the Secretary of the National Gypsy Council: Spook Erections were on the way. Smith immediately went and organised everyone off the site. Later, Spook's men arrived in a company van (see picture); with them was Mr Hackman (known locally as 'Jackboot'). According to

Hughie Smith's eye-witness account, Hackman saw that no gypsies were left on the site and then told the Spook men to throw out gypsies from anywhere in the area.

A short distance away Spook's men found Dempsey Boswell and his family; they were

Contd on p. 15

The Labour Party Conference

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Frank Chapple hits back

Britain's most controversial union leader replies vehemently to a major article in which Patrick Wintour of the *NS* challenged the EETPU's claims to internal democracy.

IT IS said that trying to argue with a monkey in a dustbin is extremely difficult. But, for once, I'm willing to have a try. The monkey is Patrick Wintour, the dustbin the *New Statesman* and my argument is with an article that was published on 25 July. This purported to be a fresh examination of the internal affairs of the EETPU, of 'how Chapple stays on top' and whether I and the Executive were committed to grass-roots democracy.

It was nothing of the kind. It was simply the equivalent of a frame-up trial by a packed jury in which the conclusion was pre-determined and evidence for the defence non-admissible.

After some correspondence between myself and the Editor, I have been allotted 2,000 words in which to reply to the original 4,200 word attack. As a result I cannot, nor in practice have been allowed to, individually rebut every allegation in the collage of inaccurate gossip, half-truths, hints and nudges that Wintour piled one upon another.

This reply will thus have to confine itself to three matters — the purpose of the attack, the technique of the attack and finally the warped definition of trade union democracy which Wintour projects but never justifies.

The Purpose of the Attack: According to the preamble of the article, the study was to be the first in a series. Working from the premise that union democracy — or lack of it — was really the underlying problem of the Labour Party's constitution, it promised an in-turn examination of some of the chief institutions of British unionism.

The series began with the EETPU. And it also seems to have ended there for, since 25 July, no other study has yet been published. Equally curious was the selection of our union as the first to kick the stillborn series off. In Labour Party terms we are not one of the giants. We are only the sixth largest affiliate and, unlike the Transport Workers, Engineers or Shop Workers, do not have any representative on the Party's National Executive. And if these peculiarities were not enough, the article itself never once mentioned the number of MPs we sponsor or how we sponsor them, the size of our affiliation fees and bloc vote or *anything* at all about ourselves and the Labour Party.

It seems apparent to me that the preamble



was a pretext; a flimsy excuse for a premeditated attack on our union. If this is true then an alternative explanation for the article's appearance is needed. And one exists. In a few weeks' time there will be important elections for the Executive of the EETPU. As a consequence there has been a glut of extreme left-wing smears designed to influence their outcome. I don't know if Patrick Wintour's echoing of these was designed for this purpose, but that is certainly how the article is currently being used.

The Technique of the Attack: In recent years there have been a number of detailed studies of the technique of anti-union journalism. The publications of the Glasgow University Media Group are probably the most well known. These have carefully shown how the selection and suppression of facts, the tone of their presentation and the choice of words employed are used to promote prejudice and distorted images. Wintour's article is a conspicuous example of the in-built bias and sleight-of-hand style which those academics have meticulously catalogued. So good, in fact, that I am even thinking of sending them a copy of it.

A fragment from a single paragraph demonstrates the point and exposes the style. Pretending to fill in some background history of the union, Wintour uses even the ordinary as an excuse to attack myself and other leaders of the union. The following quote exemplifies the method:

In July 1961 Mr Justice Winn appointed John Byrne General Secretary [of the union.] Within months the . . . communist majority were tossed off the executive. The new executive fired the communist Assistant General Secretary and appointed Frank Chapple, a leader of the Reform Group. Les Cannon and Mark Young . . . became General President and National Organiser.

These sentences are deliberately misleading. Thus, John Byrne was never appointed General Secretary by Mr Justice Winn. The judge declared that he had been elected by the membership. The communist majority was not tossed off the executive but voted off in the first fair elections held in the union for twelve years and the Assistant General Secretary was never fired nor got rid of to make way for my appointment as the article implies. To begin with, he was expelled from the union after being found guilty in the High Court of ballot rigging during the 1959 General Secretaryship election and, next, I was never appointed Assistant General Secretary but was elected to that post in March 1963. Lastly, both Cannon and Young were also elected.

Wintour's potted history as quoted above is significant for its transparent reluctance to use the term 'elected' when referring to myself and other Executive officers to whom he is opposed. It is almost as if he chokes on the word. Hence Byrne is described as having been 'appointed', I am described as 'appointed' and readers are merely told that somehow Cannon and Young 'became' General President and National Organiser respectively. Nowhere is there even a suggestion that we were all elected with the support of the membership. Naturally, of course, Wintour is not so coy when he writes about our opponents. They were uniformly described as elected when this was actually not so.

There is, incidentally, no excuse for Wintour's misrepresentation of John Byrne's election. In his 25 July article he referred to a book about the 1961 trial — *All Those in Favour* — and added a footnote about it in order to give an impression of academic respectability. Yet he either didn't bother to read the book, or, if he did, couldn't bear to quote it properly for on page 241 it clearly reports Mr Justice Winn's declaration of Byrne's election.

Apart from inferences and tricks, Wintour is also quite prepared to relay inaccuracies by the dozen, or thirty-five to be exact. These range from half-truths to straight fabrication.

An example of the former was his claim that we refused strike benefit to 10,000 members during the steel dispute. That was true. In May, however, we amended that decision and agreed to forward an ex-gratia sum, not exceeding £500,000, to them. Wintour only reports the first decision, not the second. Again, there is no reasonable explanation for this selection of one fact and the suppression of another. One can only conclude that either his standard of journalism is shoddy or that the truth was omitted because it did not serve the political purpose for which his article was written.

Fabrication is common throughout the piece. Thus Wintour asserts that the London Press Branch was closed down for rebelling against an agreement that the Executive negotiated with *The Times* management in 1979. Like so much else in the article, this is simply not true. The London Press Branch was not closed down for quarrelling with the Executive about *The Times* agreement, but because its officers endangered the livelihoods of other members of our union who were in no way a party to *The Times* dispute and were employed in an entirely different industry.

But, in a way, all the tricks, half-truths and distortions are just glossy cosmetics. The real difference between Wintour and ourselves is

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much more fundamental — the definition of democracy itself.

Trade Union Democracy — Two Views: In general terms, two opposing concepts confront one another. The extreme left believe that the activists should control trade unions and rule the Labour Party. As a result, they oppose secret postal balloting and mass participation. They champion committee power and always argue that those who choose to attend meetings should have a disproportionate influence in decision-making. In my view this approach is elitist. It distrusts the rank and file. It reeks of fascist ideology and has parallels with South Africa where government is exclusively reserved for white supremacists.

This definition of democracy is essentially aristocratic — only those who 'know' should have a real vote. Peasants, blacks, rank and file trade unionists are all 'unfit' to have a say. These notions have always been fought by those of us loyal to the traditions of the labour movement and who believe in a different definition of democracy — the right and equal opportunity for all to participate and vote.

None of this should in any way be interpreted to mean that I do not appreciate and respect the contribution that many activists make in running trade unions or defending members at their place of work. Of course I do. My only point is that they must be representatives and not overlords of the rank and file.

In consequence I do not believe that it is undemocratic to oppose a handful of people voting union funds to support obscure Trotskyist causes or to object when twenty-three people who attend a branch meeting claim to speak for 3,000.

Mass participation in elections requires strict rules. This is especially important in our union because of its particular history and our experience of the communist fraud which stained its reputation. These rules must guarantee secrecy and fairness and be applied to the letter. Patrick Wintour criticises myself and the Executive for doing this but never spells out the alternatives which are either to disregard breaches of rule or else dismantle the safeguards which they embody.

Of course, I understand why the extreme left protest when the rules are rigorously applied. They don't like fair elections and they don't like it when their opponents win them. That's why the extreme left have always argued against postal balloting and campaigned for a return to the old and discredited system of branch voting. It should be remembered, for example, that in 1974 two Scottish members of the Engineers' union were jailed for three years apiece for attempting to rig a ballot in favour of a communist candidate, and only in the last few weeks large numbers of votes cast on behalf of a communist candidate in the Boilermakers' union have been disqualified following an internal investigation.

We are not prepared to risk a repeat of ballot rigging in our union. We are not going to abandon any safeguards nor relax our defence of them. It would be quite wrong of us to do so.

The elected leadership of the EETPU does have a proven commitment to grass-roots democracy. The rate of membership participation in our union is considerably higher than most. The union journal is sent to every member's home and critical letters are regular-

ly published in it. We are trying to form industrial branches to improve the relevance of branch life. We have developed a system of area and national industrial conferences for shop stewards and we have also pioneered the right of direct shop steward representation at our biennial policy conference. The number of delegates who attend also make this assembly one of the largest in the whole trade union movement. Finally, the union's Executive initiated a unique appeals system. Unlike other unions which supervise their own, ours is appointed by the TUC General Secretary and usually consists of members of other trade

Spook and the gypsies

Contd from p. 13

camped on a small site, again with Mr Hackman's permission. Watched by police, Spook's men started to tear the place apart. Boswell's pregnant sister ran towards the caravan to put out a fire and put away crockery that was being tipped over. In the ensuing struggle Dempsey Boswell came to the aid of his sister, whose baby was still born later that day. Dempsey Boswell was arrested for assaulting five police officers.

Before the court hearing Mr Hackman approached Mr Boswell and his solicitor to say that he would give Mr Boswell permission to stay in Stafford if the case went through smoothly. Mr Boswell pleaded guilty; he was fined £150 and bound over for two years. For the next two weeks, however, he was hounded by Spook off every site in Stafford, even though his solicitor repeatedly approached Hackman to remind him of his promise. So concerned was the Gypsy Council that it approached the chief constable of Staffordshire to explain its position. Only five policemen were sent to Spook's next eviction, down a lonely lane. Spook, without any court order and faced with a lot of angry gypsies, left without completing its task.

WHEN MR HACKMAN first employed Spook he told the local press that he would be bringing in 'useful sized gentlemen' to deal with gypsies. He told me recently that he found them 'very satisfactory indeed', and that he had heard nothing to the contrary. The most they ever used, he said, was 'verbal persuasion'. He refused, however, to answer questions about specific instances such as the one I have described. Nor would he say how much the council paid Spook for evictions, but another official told me in private that the figure was £1000 a site.

When I contacted Spook Erections, they said there was nobody about who would answer my questions; and anyway, on whose authority was I asking?

Tough tactics against gypsies are now widespread. Cardiff Council, for example, uses a local company called Property Protection Agency to clear sites. A police search instigated by Hughie Smith uncovered an array of implements such as pick axe handles; but the Agency said these were 'for defensive purposes only' and no further action was taken, apart from confiscation.

One reason why councils find it convenient to use such companies is that the transport workers' and public employees' unions, TGWU and NUPE, refuse to allow their members to take part in evictions. Some councils have found other ways of responding to the union

unions and independents. Although we have no say in the composition of this committee, we have always complied with its decisions. Every one of these reforms has been opposed by the extreme left.

There is a moral that can be drawn from Patrick Wintour's article. It is that the extreme left and right are bed partners. When a union fights for its members' interests, the extreme right wing attack us: when the same union upholds membership democracy, the extreme left wing also attack us.

Patrick Wintour could serve both masters and probably will.

ban. Leeds City Council have advertised for four 'technicians (enforcement)' to be employed by the city's Director of Environmental Health. According to the job ad, physical fitness was essential, and the job 'would be particularly suitable for ex-police officers.' Doncaster has been seeking an 'Itinerant Control Supervisor' to liaise with the police on 'itinerant removals', while Wolverhampton has asked outright for a 'Gypsy Task Force' to engage in 'gypsy prevention operations'.

IT NEED NOT be like that. Warwick has two official sites and is fighting for another one, in the teeth of residents' opposition. Mr Rendell, Deputy Planning Officer, said that their aim was

to avoid head-on collisions at all costs. If we know the gypsies and their stay is likely to be short, then we do turn a blind eye. We try and build a rapport with them.

He has appeared on parish council platforms and been booed.

But we can prove that if you give them a decent site it really does work. I was told that if we gave a site they would never pay their rent and it would be filthy, an absolute disaster. But in fact 95 per cent of rents are paid on time and the site is tidy. We can truly say our faith is backed up by practical experience. Our basic philosophy is not to harass gypsies. If we offer them something on which they can rely and they are reasonably secure they will settle down.

Hughie Smith and his Council ask only for the implementation of government policy on official sites for the 8,000 or so families involved. They would even buy and look after their own if they were ever given planning permission. He also wants a Home Officer Observer at all future evictions and legal curbs on private squads of bullies. 'I have become a past master, an expert, at organising non-violent resistance to evictions,' he says, 'but how long can I get people to hold back against organisations like Spook?'

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London Diary

□ The Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party embarked on a cautious programme of cleansing its own stables after last weekend's deliberations. But a rift still exists between those who would like a total purge of the old guard and Kania, who is proceeding slowly. I have been told by sources in Warsaw that Kania's rise to power was determined by his role at a stormy Politbureau meeting on Friday 29 August, the day before a Deputy Prime Minister rushed to Gdansk to negotiate a settlement. At this meeting a resolution was tabled which proposed using tear gas and sending in the troops to occupy the shipyards and end the strike. Gierek supported the motion and it was carried by an 8-5 vote. However the five oppositionists included Kania (in charge of the police) and Jarselski (in command of the army), who simply refused to carry out the decision. No doubt they were aware that a number of groups of soldiers and sailors had visited the occupied yards and that in the military barracks in Gdynia, strike bulletins were being distributed regularly. The 250,000 strong conscript army was clearly unreliable. On 31 August the agreements were signed and the following Friday Gierek was sacked. A meeting of the Central Committee then sent out a circular to the media which stated that the new First Secretary was Stefan Olszowski, but the circular was withdrawn after a few hours. A second circular sent several hours later once again named Olszowski, but this too was withdrawn and finally Kania emerged as the leader. The key difference was that Olszowski called for a complete purge and overhaul of the party, a measure strongly attacked by the Soviet leaders. The latter approved the choice of Kania, but are still very unhappy and no doubt hope that the independent unions will be dismantled at the first possible opportunity. Whatever happens the Soviet Union is unlikely to intervene militarily as the Polish workers and soldiers will undoubtedly fight back, which would make things very different from Prague in 1968.

□ Rarely has a mediator been treated with such contempt by two sides in a dispute as Pakistan's military dictator by the warring capitals of Baghdad and Teheran. Zia has used the occasion for an exercise in public relations by having himself photographed with Carter and Mrs Thatcher. This will be utilised to show Pakistanis back home that the despot has now been accepted by the West. I stood outside Downing Street with 300 other Pakistanis last Monday to show my contempt for the General. I ran into some ex-employees of the Third World Foundation similarly engaged. On expressing surprise that the Editor-in-Chief of the *Third World Review*, Altaf Gauhar, was not with us to display his opposition to a ruthless military ruler, I was informed that he had been present at Heathrow Airport, part of a carefully selected group of Pakistani notables, to welcome the General to Britain. But one should not pre-judge the matter. It is possible that Gauhar was present in order to conduct a searching and critical interview with Zia on behalf of the *Guardian Third World Review*. We shall see.

□ I'm sure that the Campaign for Press

Freedom must have received a tremendous boost during the Labour Party conference. Rarely has the media's bias been displayed in such concentrated style. It was, of course, predictable that the 'popular' press would react in an outraged, hysterical tone, but what was far more revealing was the fear exhibited by the pundits in the 'qualities'. Hugo Young (*Sunday Times*), Alan Watkins (*Observer*) and Peter Jenkins (*Guardian*) went into one-sided battle — but a close reading of their texts almost made one think that they had been briefed by the same person. It was Jenkins who led the onslaught in last Friday's *Guardian*: 'The only sign of a brave fight was coming from Dr David Owen, Mr William Rodgers and Mrs Shirley Williams.' As his demoralisation increased he became even more bitter. On Saturday *Guardian* readers were treated to the following self-analysis: 'My nightmare of this week is that political liberty is now at threat in Britain.' The root cause was the rampant nihilism which pervaded the Polytechnics. The left-wing delegates 'mouthed the jargon of paperback Marxism. The participatory revolt which has rocked the Labour movement is the revolt of the lumpen polytechnic.' Democracy, as we all know, is best defended by the products of the public school system, Oxbridge and readers of hard-back books. (Wanted, a new badge: I AM A PAPERBACK MARXIST).

On the following Sunday, the *Sunday Times* devoted a leader to attacking the Labour left and on its back page its Political Editor, Hugo Young, wrote: 'With the honourable exception of Mrs Williams, Mr Rodgers and Dr Owen, most of the Parliamentary labour party have been behaving like men and women who, while not exactly losing their faith, have lost any capacity to preach it as if they believe it.' But surely Fleet Street and the BBC can repair the damage on that front. The same day Alan Watkins in the *Observer* compared the Labour left to Nazis and went on to write: 'Just as in the 1960s people doing rather dreary clerical work would dress up in the weekend in fancy garb pretending to be "artists" or "writers" so Mr Benn's Polyocracy has turned to politics for relief, and politics of a peculiarly intolerant and disagreeable variety.' And this ugly display of arrogance, elitism and intolerance from the Fleet Street's three best-known 'moderate' columnists is presented as balanced and objective journalism. I am prepared to bet that Alan Watkins and Peter Jenkins are less well-educated in most subjects than the average Polytechnic student. A televised competition could, no doubt, be organised at either North London or Preston Polytechnics.*

□ I was delighted to hear Tony Benn state, in his winding up speech on the party manifesto, that he believed in the old Chartist demand for annual parliaments. This reference, clearly another attempt to impose a totalitarian regime in Britain, went virtually unnoticed in the national press. However another related and important issue was not discussed at Blackpool: proportional representation. The combination of PR and annual parliaments would inject politics into the working class like never before. It would force politicians to take their commitments seriously and it would be a far more accurate reflection of mass consciousness than an election based on the 'first past the post system' which is extremely undemocratic. True, the first victors might be

the Liberals and/or the 'Centre party', but the Labour movement would benefit in the long run. The left (with the exception of Arthur Scargill) has been hostile to PR for essentially opportunist reasons. It is feared that it might change the map of British politics. It probably would, but surely it would be far better to have a PLP committed to fundamental social reforms than Labour governments indebted to the IMF. A similar case could be made for abolishing the block vote, but that can wait.

□ Amazing reports are filtering through of the growing anti-Tory mood among school students. Some months ago I was told of an incident in the top infants class in a North London primary school. The teacher (a Labour voter) asked the children to construct sentences using the prefix 'ex'. One six year old wrote: 'I would like to execute Mrs Thatcher.' Somewhat shocked the teacher asked the child to compose another sentence. The new sentence read: 'I would be excited if Mrs Thatcher died.' The teacher gave up. This term there is developing a hatred of all things blue, and children complain if shelves or doors are painted in Tory colours, whereas there are reports from East End secondary schools of third-formers pretending to puke when the Prime Minister is mentioned. Clearly the 'Polytechnic disease' is spreading to even lower institutions and a moderate purge is necessary.

Tariq Ali

* Interest declared: Tariq Ali (once president of the Oxford Union) is author of *Trotsky for Beginners*, which is a paperback.

This England

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□ At the other end of the age range, the title *Watch With Mother* is being abandoned after 25 years . . . 'They are not watching with mother any more,' said Mr Barnes. 'The children are increasingly watching with play groups, child minders, au pairs, and I suppose, at one end of the social scale, with nannies.' — *Guardian* (G. Moor)

□ She was approached in the street by a man who asked if she could act. 'I thought he must be a pervert because I looked so strange that there was no other reason that he'd have kept following me.' In fact he was a director at BBC Pebble Mill, who offered her a part in one of the Second City First plays, *Glitter*. — *Guardian* (Martin Bulmer)

□ Mr Young said that Conservative students hoped to launch a campaign of their own with the slogan Peace not Appeasement. He added: 'We want Britain to rearm with Cruise missiles, Trident and neutron bombs, which are the only way of tackling a Soviet tank advance.' — *Guardian* (R. S. Hughes).

□ A hospital inquiry is to be held after an incident yesterday in which 37 patients are believed to have sat down to breakfast with a corpse. According to porters at Long Grove, a 915-bed mental hospital in Epsom, Surrey, the dumping of a body in the dining room was the culmination of a series of highly original storage places found for bodies of patients who died after the porters go off duty at 8.30 p.m. — *Guardian* (James Scott).

□ A shop selling life-size cardboard cut-outs of Mrs Thatcher at £5.50 each has discovered that many buyers are using her as a dartboard. 'All I can say is small things please small minds,' said the local chief Conservative agent in Nottingham, Mr Roy Band. — *Sunday People* (G. Moore).

PS re P&S

From A.D. Dubbins, Asst General Secretary, NGA
I read with great interest your article on the meeting between Mr Pole-Carew and senior executives of Portsmouth & Sunderland newspapers (NS 26 September).

Judging from our experience in the recent national lock-out it would appear P&S have taken on board a number of suggestions made by Mr Pole-Carew. As well as using a helicopter to avoid picket lines (we were unable through lack of a suitable NGA aircraft to peacefully persuade the helicopter pilot not to cross our lines), the management had a considerable degree of co-operation from the local police in neutralising the effect of our picketing. During the period of lock-out, the company did train management, editorial and secretarial staff to produce the semblance of a newspaper.

Your readers will undoubtedly also be interested to know that in return for improved wages overseers, supervisory and editorial staff are being asked to sign contracts of employment containing the following: '... the Executive shall not be guilty of any neglect of duty, or misconduct, during this Agreement, and shall not commit any breach of his obligations, or take part in any strike action ("official", "unofficial" or "sympathetic") or take part in any "work to rule" or similar sanction against the Company. Failure to comply with this condition will enable the Company to terminate this Agreement forthwith and render the Executive liable to dismissal without notice or compensation.'

In respect of Sir Richard Storey's comments that any notes would be only 'transcripts of jottings' taken at the talks, I can assure you from personal experience that if Mr Robinson did take the notes they will have been extremely accurate.

Graphic House, 63-67 Bromham Road, Bedford

Mothers are women too

From Ms J.M. Boyle

As a feminist and a working mother of two children, aged four and two-and-a-half, I feel I must write and protest very strongly at Anna Coote's remarks (London Diary NS 26 September) about middle-class women taking the plunge into maternity. Only women can give birth. This, whether we like it or not, is the natural state of affairs.

For many of us, the decision to have children, as Ms Coote rightly points out, is not an easy decision, but having made the decision I, and many, many women like myself, desperately need helpful, constructive advice on how to pursue a career and an independent life while at the same time bringing up our babies to become responsible, happy children and level-headed, intelligent human beings. We need support from our sisters who have either decided not to have children or are waiting a few years before taking the plunge. We need more state-run nursery schools, more creches at our places of work. We need much more help, support and understanding from men. It is high time that society gave the role of child-care a better deal.

Perhaps Ms Coote could offer advice on how women who choose to have children can successfully combine this with a career. Or does she feel that somehow the two cannot be combined and that once you've got children you're 'done for'?

37 West Hill, Aspley Guise, Beds.

From Irene Breugel

What makes Anna Coote so fearful of children? One can understand her not wanting any of her own, but her paranoia is disturbing. Does she really believe that her intelligent, feminist friends will sink for ever into domestic idiocy once they have taken 'the plunge'? How reminiscent of the traditional sexist line that motherhood, necessarily and completely, transforms a woman! If there is a 'domino effect' among Anna Coote's friends, could it not be that they have discovered that it is possible to remain sane, outward-going and feminist, even after birth? And that the struggle to do so is what women's

liberation is all about? Anna Coote really shouldn't suggest, however flippantly, that children are the enemy and mothers doomed. With ideas like that, how can feminism reach beyond the privileged few?

45 Falkland Road, London NW5

Gentle glide

From Dr N. Scardina, Managing Director, Playtex
The article by Elaine Davenport (NS 19 September) grossly misrepresents Playtex Tampons and Playtex Deodorant Tampons. Both Playtex Tampons in Regular and Super absorbencies have been marketed in the US for over 12 years, with only the Super Plus absorbency being 'new' in that it was first introduced in the US in 1977. Women in the US buy over 50 million Playtex tampons each month; 70 per cent of these sales are of Playtex Deodorant Tampons.

The fibre composition of Playtex Tampons and Playtex Deodorant Tampons as sold in the UK is as follows:

Absorbency	Fibre Composition
Regular	Ordinary rayon fibre
Super	Ordinary rayon fibre
Super Plus	Rayon polyacrylate fibre

Ordinary rayon is chemically identical to cotton. The rayon polyacrylate fibre is ordinary rayon treated to enhance its absorbency. Many other tampon brands have similarly treated fibres. The carboxymethylcellulose used in some Tampax products, for example, is designed to enhance absorbency.

The US centre for disease control (CDC) has stated in its latest report that the pathogenesis of the recently recognised illness Toxic Shock Syndrome (TSS) is not fully understood. The CDC has further stated that the nature of the link between tampon use and TSS has not yet been determined. We take great exception to Ms Davenport's view that in Britain mainly Playtex tampons are associated with the risk of TSS. The only factually accurate statement which can be made is that published by the CDC: '... the present study demonstrates that the brand of tampon a woman uses is likely to affect her risk of developing TSS. While cases of TSS have occurred with tampons used by all five of the major US tampon manufacturers, a substantially greater proportion of cases than controls in the present study use Rely tampons.' As noted in the article, Rely is a tampon sold only in the US. Contrary to Ms Davenport's report, Playtex has not to date received notice of any lawsuits as a result of TSS cases.

Finally, Ms Davenport's article seeks to draw an analogy between Playtex Deodorant Tampons and 'feminine hygiene sprays'. The Playtex Deodorant tampon cannot be compared with vaginal sprays, many of which contained chemical anti-bacterials which altered the natural balance of the body. Playtex Deodorant Tampons contain a deodorant perfume which does not affect the body's natural flora. Nevertheless Playtex recognises that a small number of women could be sensitive to perfumed products, and therefore Playtex voluntarily added the caution statement found on all packets.

Both Playtex Limited and its US affiliate have co-operated and will continue to co-operate with all health authorities in the hope that the cause of TSS will be discovered and the disease eliminated.

36 Chertsey Road, Woking, Surrey

Just suppose

From Alasdair Clayre

In 'Sizing up your enemy' (NS 26 September) Mary Kaldor argues that both sides can have an interest in exaggerating their opponents' nuclear strength. She offers a 'hypothetical Soviet estimate' showing, as a table, how 'the hawks in the Kremlin' might be imagined to view the nuclear balance. This table is printed alongside her text, headed 'The real military balance'.

23 Alma Square, London NW8

The Editor writes: The fault was entirely ours. We gave Mary Kaldor's table the wrong heading. It should have read: How Moscow might see the military balance.

Gulf in understanding

From K. Riahy

Although I am not in disagreement with many points in 'A Threat to Khomeini's Regime' (NS 26 September), please permit a non-Islamic Iranian doctor who has lived most of his life in England to try to convey a contrasting point of view. Fred Halliday's claim that the Iranian revolution has asserted the 'claims of Persians over Arabs, Turks and Kurds' is simplistic and unfair. For half a century the Pahlavis made frenzied attempts to exaggerate the links between present-day Iran and the imperial Persia of Cyrus. That regime is certainly guilty of encouraging an implicit racism. By contrast the dominant revolutionary groups have encouraged Islamic internationalism at the expense of nationalism and especially 'Persian claims'. The rhetoric of Arabs versus Persians is now coming entirely from Sadam Hossein.

The term Persian (Farsi) describes only the language. The throne of Iran has, in Islamic times, been occupied more often by Turkish-speaking rulers than Farsi-speaking ones. My own family name is Arab and my mother's family speak a Turkish dialect. Religious divisions form another strand. With an overwhelming Shia majority in Iran and the transnational character of the Shia sect, a religious revival was bound to pose problems for Iraq's sectarian society, including as it does a suppressed Shia majority. Halliday writes that Iran 'tried to interfere in Iraqi politics' and 'made the mistake of picking a fight' whereas Iraq passively 'became involved' and 'felt compelled to respond'. He is apparently isolating Iranian calls for Islamic unity as the root of the conflict. He presents them mainly as reactions to internal political pressures, ignoring their genuine side and wider significance.

The Middle East is dotted with recently-created, sparsely-populated states of convenience for Western oil consumption. Unobtrusive imperialism needs a watchdog. Only Iraq and Iran, on the gulf, have the resources to qualify, but Iraq has considerable disadvantages, mainly strategic. Whatever the exact American role at present, the roots of this conflict are in America's imperialist policies and vacant police job. Even if there is an aspect of Iranian domination that can be extracted from the calls for Islamic unity, it is not for want of a genuine desire on the part of many in the regime to pursue common interests in the region, principal among them extricating the Gulf from imperialist domination.

55 Finborough Road, London SW10

Lost cause

From Lady Mosley

Mr Hitchens, in his attack upon me (NS 5 September), says that I regretted the defeat of Germany in the second world war. On the contrary, in my view the greatest tragedy for us would have been the defeat of our own country. My opposition to the war in 1939 was based on the fact, as obvious to many people then as it is to everyone now, that it was a war we could not 'win'. The winners were the Soviet Union and America; Europe was the loser.

Temple de la Gloire, 91400 Orsay, France

Corrected correction

From Christopher Sykes

Allow me slightly to correct Mr Heppenstall's mistaken correction of my biography of Evelyn Waugh (NS 26 September). He claims that in the biography he is maligned 'under a false name'. This gives a false impression. I avoided using Mr Heppenstall's name, but I revealed the name of Kurweiner by which Evelyn came to refer to Mr Heppenstall.

Swyre House, Swyre, nr Dorchester, Dorset

Scotland the omitted

From Hilary Muray

I was interested to see from your representation of a nuclear attack on Britain (NS 3 October) that Scotland had not simply been irradiated, but literally wiped off the map.

128 Taybridge Road, London SW11

Clever me!

For personal reasons that are almost too obvious to mention — modest physique, limited intellectual powers, absence of magnetism and a round, red and mottled face that would not look out of place in a greengrocer's window display of cut-price goods (JUMBO BEETROOT ON OFFER) — the chances that Life has brought me of being able to boast about anything at all have been pretty thin on the ground. And so, when such chances have occurred, I have clutched at them and held on, not unlike those ladies who used to come flying first through the doors at Pontings (and how I miss it) Sale, intent on getting their hands on that dyed musquash.

My first boast concerns, of all improbabilities, the game of cricket, at which statement your eyebrows may well have shot up so high that they are out of sight among your abundant chevelure (and how many of us, by the way, still remember Jessie Matthews' enchanting fringe that she sported in *This Year of Grace*, of all revues the best, and which suited her so perfectly?). At my prep school, Stirling Court on the Hampshire coast and an establishment in which, if ever I happened to be idiotic enough, late in the day though it may be, to go in for deep and expensive psycho-analysis, the psycho-analyst would wish to spend the major part of his sessions ('Let's see, last week we had got to the first time that Matron ever sat on your bed to cut your toe-nails . . .'), we were never asked if we would actually like to play cricket. It was obligatory for everybody, duffers and all, to take the field (see how easily the dear old phrases come back!) and cricket was an item of the scholastic curriculum as unavoidable as Latin, algebra and Canada's exports. Sluggish in the outfield and woefully ungifted at the crease, I was, for matches, only pressed into service during epidemics (no nonsense in those days about cancelling matches, with the bus ordered and everything) or when they just couldn't think of anybody else, and thus it was that one extraordinary day I not only found myself at the wicket but actually taking part in 'a stand'. Impure non-cricketers must here stop thinking about what I feel sure some of them were thinking about and what that word may have suggested to them and must realise that the stand of which I speak refers to a period when two batsmen remain undisturbed at the very centre of play and knock up quite a jolly little score.

But before telling of my success, I must ask for patience while I sketch in the scene for you and give important background information. In some ways the authorities at Stirling Court encouraged individuality, or perhaps it was simply because they got tired of struggling away, day after day, to make us conform to a pattern, and at cricket many of us had been at pains to acquire a little speciality that was all our own. A boy called Mould bowled sneaks of a really sensational speed and accuracy, varying them with lofted deliveries that appeared to descend from the stratosphere. A boy called Westmore used to pretend to have hurt his ankle and, playing at mid-off, limped quite a bit, encouraging members of opposing school teams to try to snatch a single where no single was (there were no fewer than five Run

Outs in a needle match against Fairfields). I regret to say, but truth is truth, that Murphy, who fielded at point year after year (our positions were never changed) had perfected a range of noises of a kind that I do not wish to discuss and which considerably unsettled prim batsmen from more sedate schools. My special friend, Williamson, was our wicket-keeper and, when called upon to bat, had developed, for use against umpires, a stare so compelling and imperious and disturbing that few ever dared to give him out even though, bulky as he was, he was plainly constantly impeding the straight passage of ball to stump. I freely confess that the cricketing tone of Stirling Court could not be counted among the best.

My own 'thing' was, and I cannot recommend it too highly for those readers who still indulge in our national game, to use the bat the wrong way round and present the triangular side to the ball. The results pass all expectation, the ball ricocheting quite unpredictably, now here, now there, and, as often as not, flying to the boundary to the amazement of all. During the stand of which I speak (I can only think that the rest of the school was laid low) I found myself at the crease with Williamson and playing, as so often, our great rivals, Dumbleton Park. Williamson had already survived four confident and fully justified appeals for LBW and one of the umpires had started to twitch nervously (another of Williamson's devastating ploys, anticipating Potter, was to request umpires, and especially after a No Ball, to 'speak

Roger Woddiss

Due for demolition

The Conservative Party conference passed a motion urging the strengthening of the House of Lords as a safeguard against a 'Marxist state'.

Lord Monday from his earliest years
Was keen to sit among his peers,
Though loth, of course, to take his pay,
Which came to umpteen pounds a day.
While not elected, he felt sure
His office was no sinecure,
And carried out his tasks with zeal
To guard, he said, the commonweal.

Imagine, then, his horror when
A former peer, now known as Benn,
Proposed, with fierce and fiery eyes,
To sever all our feudal ties
By pulling down the House of Lords,
Which plainly was a step towards
The building of a Marxist state,
With severed heads on every gate.

Lord Monday's voice was loud and clear:
'This threatens all we hold most dear!
An Upper House is vital to
The well-brought-up and well-to-do.
Without the Lords, and all its frills,
Who would there be to block the bills?'

Lord Monday tore his hair and cried:
The last I heard, he'd gone inside.

up, please!'). On my going out to bat and join Williamson, he approached me and muttered a few words which I dare say onlookers took to be sage advice about which way the ball was swinging, or whatever, but which, knowing him, were probably a brisk run-down of the edible items that he later intended to purchase with his Saturday pocket-money. We then settled to our task, and Williamson's scowls at the umpires (he sometimes asked for an unusual guard: 'Off stump, please') and my wrong-sided bat produced between them 18 runs. This was, to us, a notable total and I expect that, in the long winter evenings at Stirling Court they speak of it still.

But that, however, is not my boast, pleasing though the achievement had been. No. What was particularly gratifying was to be able, only a week or so ago, to pour out my bizarre cricketing experiences into the receptive and, or so it seemed, sympathetic ear of a very famous cricketer indeed, none other than Geoffrey Boycott, of Yorkshire and England, our match-winning saviour on innumerable occasions and as agreeable a man as you could wish to meet in a week of one-day matches. We were discussing, over the air of all places and full of BBC morning coffee, his excellent book, *Opening Up* and, like so many people who are supremely good at something, he was full of understanding about those who are considerably less gifted. I was even able to reveal the position at which, for four long years at Stirling Court, I fielded (Long Stop). It was a position not unknown to him, he said, but in his world it was called Fine Leg.

I have, now I come to think of it, only one other boast. Do you remember a song called 'These Foolish Things'? The words were written by Eric Maschwitz, the Director of Variety and appearing under his non-BBC pseudonym of Holt Marvell, and the music was provided by Jack Strachey and it first caressed our ears in the late 1930s in a BBC Christmas revue wittily entitled *Folly and Mistletoe*. The song was dispensed in the warm and dusky tones of a popular American songbird and recording star of the time called Greta Keller (she had a sore throat and kept munching mouthfuls of fresh pineapple) and nestling modestly among the cast were Hermione Gingold and your columnist. I provided a schoolgirl story item called 'Miss Pritchard's Tricycle' which so astonished Miss Keller that she forgot, for all of three minutes, her pineapple. There now! That marks, however, the end of my triumphs. Miss Gingold — Mrs Maschwitz at the time and in those days just coming into prominence — had a characteristic verse in which she pretended to be gazing at the happy snaps in the *Tatler*:

There's clever Eric Maschwitz
Who's at the BBC.
He's married to some actress.
Oh, I quite forgot! It's ME!

I never thought that the opportunity would ever come for me to refresh my memory of the admirable lyrics of 'These Foolish Things' but you will find them, in a whole cornucopia of other delights, in John Hadfield's *Everyman's Book of English Love Poems* (Dent: £7.95). Mr Hadfield's wonderful choice of 400 or so poems also includes, in the same breath so to speak with Dryden and Browning and Tennyson (and why not, for they are the best of their kind?), Cole Porter's 'Let's Do It' and Sir Noël's 'Someday I'll Find You', and for those with imagination, dear Miss Lawrence comes floating again into the room. There would be nobody more welcome.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Men's Room

MORRIS FRASER reviews the new literature of homosexuality and discusses gay resistance to a heritage of oppression and religious denunciation

No doctrine is so blemished with self-contradiction as the teaching of the present-day Christian churches on homosexuality. Pressed to quote Scripture, the anti-gay preachers have only three highly questionable sources. First, the strange tale of the destruction of Sodom. Lot, so it goes, was visited by two 'angels' and immediately the men of Sodom gathered in the street and demanded that the handsome visitants be brought out, according to the New English Bible, in order to have 'sexual intercourse' with them. Thus was (almost) committed the Sin of Sodom, yet there is no censure of Lot for first offering his two daughters to the sex-hungry mob; the fire and brimstone had nothing to do with that. Secondly, there is the writing of Paul of Tarsus, who also approved of slavery and the subjugation of women and, finally, the code of the Sanhedrin, who executed paederasts and also tortured and executed Jesus; it was they who delivered him to Pilate, demanding the death penalty.

The two ecclesiastics among these authors under review do acknowledge the moral shabbiness of our supposed mentors, the basic pot-tiness of it all. Indeed, those who seek to condemn homosexuality from the teaching of Jesus and his disciples are, says John Boswell, in some difficulty. Professor Boswell's book is about Christianity and homosexuality in Western Europe from the beginning of the Christian era to the 14th century; it is a thorough work, handsomely presented; the author also manages to make some fairly sharp points. One, rarely perceived, is that the homosexual is a minority *within his own family*, so that he lacks even sources of support enjoyed by other minorities with whom he is often idly compared. Peter Coleman's book is accurate, measured and skilfully written — but I question whether Coleman, for all his mastery of historical fact, really understands what he is writing about.

For example, we learn early on that problems (i.e. sex) before the age of 21 and paederasty, being a 'sexual abnormality', will not be 'further considered'. Indeed, adult homosexuality too is referred to with irritating frequency as 'the problem' — an echo of the sort of word used in Sunday newspapers to give an air of proper earnestness to any discus-

sion of sexual matters. Homosexuality, Mr Coleman, is *not* a problem, but it creates problems, almost all of which are in your book primly avoided — married homosexuals and their children, gay clergy and teachers, age and loneliness, discrimination, consent, adolescence. Homosexuals are not planted on the earth like garden gnomes; to pretend, in these days, that they simply arrive from nowhere at the age of 21 makes it all just too easy. A person's deviant sexuality has been confronted long ago, and the major adjustments have been made, or not made. In my experience, worry about homosexuality is a common cause of depression and attempted suicide in young people, and it is somewhat

with bizarre misconceptions about homosexuals was also far too coy to write about them. Somewhere in between is the picture of the homosexual as a whole person, accorded 'the luxury of ordinariness', represented in the scrutiny of commonplace domestic life — yet enriched with some sense of the *extraordinariness* of the homosexual experience. Adams's book consists of essays on the few writers whom he considers to have set standards in this respect, depicting the homosexual character without settling into either banality or camp.

Scarcely any succeed; but here at least is a strong corrective to the bland presumptions of the churchmen — one plot after another portrays youthful progression from shame, horror and disbelief to some kind of self-acceptance and, at the very least, moments of joy in the encounter with one's own projected ego-ideal, 'possessing intimately others who serve your pleasure without their suspecting it' (Genet). Yet the very structure of Adams's book draws the readers back time and again to James Purdy's powerful image of the story for ever behind the story, 'as behind the girders of an ancient bridge is the skeleton of a child which superstition says keeps the bridge stan-



Study of two male nudes by Rubens

alarming to witness a religious pastor ferreting away among his Greek roots in sublime unawareness of the demands to which he, above all, should be responding.

Yet, within the limits imposed by this tunnel vision, Coleman is a good, honest and liberal commentator, and I have one further question for the churchmen. Given that the Holy Spirit is continually active in informing the ministers of the church, why then should we pay greater regard to Paul of Tarsus than to Peter of Bristol?

Stephen Adams's working definition of homosexuality is properly unrestricted by convenience and by Acts of Parliament, and his reading has also been broader, so we begin to move forward a little — though not very far. We have happily been spared a 'gay literature', though the horrid spectre of the statutory gay is not far from the elbow of one or two of our novelists. On the other hand, we have equally been spared any real tradition of gay caricature, principally because the age

ding'. There is no uniform theme, or at any rate no sense of progression or growth. After gay lib, after the fast tricks, the innumerable numbers, what? Just another book with identical chapters, a mere sequence of repetitions? Even though homosexual love is bound to be sterile in the strictly procreative sense, are there other kinds of fertility?

Reading *Army of Lovers*, one wonders Rosa von Praunheim has provided, in effect, a number of extended footnotes to the story of post-war gay emergence in Germany and the USA. By far the best part of the book is his short biographical introduction, which conveys a sense of the liberation movement's remarkably short life-span up to the present; we know that gays were contemptibly treated in Hitler's Germany, but even in the 1960s the author 'crept fearfully from tree to tree' in the Berlin parks, afraid of bands of queer-bashers who roamed the streets with knives and coshes. No-one helped his 'gay brother', no-one fought back; against this von Praunheim

- Christian Attitudes to Homosexuality** by PETER COLEMAN *SPCK* £8.50
Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality by JOHN BOSWELL *Chicago* £16.50
The Homosexual as Hero in Contemporary Fiction by STEPHEN ADAMS *Vision* £10.95
Army of Lovers by ROSA VON PRAUNHEIM *Gay Men's Press* £3.95
Homosexuality and Liberation by MARIO MIELI *Gay Men's Press* £3.95
Which Way Out of the Men's Room? by GORDON JOHNSTON *Tantivy* £6.50
States of Desire by EDMUND WHITE *Deutsch* £5.95

Mario Mieli is certainly no help, nor is he done any service by his translator, who makes him describe his own arguments as 'obtuse'; he should further note that 'repression' is not a thing done *to* someone, but an internal mental mechanism employed only by one's self. His thesis, we are told, is 'anti-Oedipal': society, urged on by Freud and the psychiatrists (the 'psychonazis'), has imposed the false images of pathology, of narcissism, of sickness on homosexuals; not only does society believe it, but many homosexuals believe it too. Thus are homosexuals as the most-wronged group admirably placed in the van of radical protest against authoritarian doctors and institutions; thus too are homosexuals, among other things, the prime exemplars of selfless love. Only a gay can truly love a woman, since he alone among men has no thought of sexual possession. (Well, that's what Mieli says; what do women say?) Again, only a homosexual can truly love children, since he can 'grasp the rush of sensuality they pour out', unfettered by society's horror of paedophilia. These two concepts, taken together, look like very strange logic! Still,

This is splendid; thus is wretched Narcissus properly ducked in his own pool — and it is the same kind of Post-Narcissism, the same slightly cheeky triumph, that bubbles up through Edmund White's *States of Desire: Travels in Gay America*. To begin with, this account of an extended trip through America's gay communities threatens to be juvenile, crass, even 'fearlessly frank', but it turns out to be deftly and beautifully written, a gentle tale saturated with all the colours, sparkle and lights of a dozen States from gaudy, frantic West to cool, laid-back East, a journey begun in a Francisco that was 'excited, astir, leaning into the wind, where, if you closed your eyes, you could almost hear the flapping of sails'. So from perhaps the

At points throughout the narrative White's own story surfaces — though only for tantalisingly brief moments before he is off again — a night of 'passionate, unending love' with his grandfather at 12, a Flame Queen at 13, psychoanalysed in Vienna at 14 . . . White's father never learnt, however, that he had been co-author of *The Joys of Gay Sex*, since 'no-one in his circle could have begun to form the syllables making up its title'. The gaps must, at the same time, contain a great deal of bewilderment and heartbreak, making the author's euphoria at times seem vacuous and irritating. But later on he makes some sober points, and he is at times unexpectedly realistic in his observations on the dangers to youngsters for whom love becomes no more than one 'trick' after another, on the self-hatred of many gays, and in his assessments of the boy-loving community in Boston who risk their liberty for their passionate views on paedophilia and the age of consent.

A Concise Definition of Answers

The city calls with its arches and spires
While the flatlands flourish with incest.
There are more curious things I wanted,
If possible, to touch on today —
How the sky, for instance, on these sultry
 afternoons
Seems to settle round your forehead,
Or the link between nostalgia and smell.
At this point science comes in, as you might
 expect,
Or as you might yourself come in with that
Colander of raspberries and rain. It seems
 like
Everything we hoped for, as if the mayor
had arrived and events might finally begin.
But look, there's a storm blowing up, the
 sky
Flickering like an old TV and the volume
Almost deafening. Answers: I was holding
 them here
Just now but they are gone again into those
Cloud-lit days where martins and swifts
 sweep low
Over the ground but can turn up nothing.

Sidgwick & Jackson

RECENT PAPERBACKS

Nigel Cross

Whore of Babylon

According to the Rastafarians Edward VIII abdicated because he believed in the divinity of Haile Selassie and wished to oppose Baldwin's colonial policies. This nugget of British colonial history appears in Joseph Owens's *Dread: The Rastafarians of Jamaica* (Heinemann Educational £3.50). Owens, a Jesuit priest, has written a sympathetic account of the 70,000 Jamaicans who know that God is black, a good man never dies, Ethiopia is heaven on earth and Britain is Babylon, the historic oppressor of God's children. In the early Seventies, when this book was researched, the Rastafarians identified the Queen with the Whore of Babylon 'who art to be destroyed/Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou has served us' (*Psalm 137*). This seems rather harsh, and it is more likely that our Prime Minister, as she has served us, so she will be destroyed.

When Mrs Thatcher is on the dole she may care to read *Socialism, Social Welfare and the Soviet Union* by Vic George and Nick Manning (Routledge £5.95). There is no unemployment benefit in the Soviet Union for the simple reason that the constitution guarantees the right to a job. Everyone is expected to work 'unless there are officially acceptable reasons'. The Russian job seeker, however, may have to move home in search of work, with the attendant difficulties of housing and travel. It sounds familiar, but the authors point out that unlike Mrs Thatcher the Russians do not use unemployment as a means for managing the economy.

The average black South African is guaranteed neither jobs nor dole and Ivor Wilkins and Hans Strydom, the authors of *Broederbond: The Super-Afrikaners* (Corgi £2.50), would argue that this masterful subjection of the natives has been achieved through the singlemindedness of a brotherhood of 12,000 God-fearing Afrikaners. The Broederbond is a kind of masonic society dedicated to the future of white South Africa. As its members are supposed to be 'exceptionally trustworthy, principled and prudent' one might expect the Broederbond to be above reproach. Sad to relate then that among its members are John Vorster and Connie Mulder though not, indicatively, Dr Rhoadie. By reprinting so many of the Broederbond's administrative records, the authors have made their story as dull as committee minutes and membership lists usually are.

Frantz Fanon's classic work on revolution in the Third World, *The Wretched of the Earth*, is still in print and now two other works have been reissued, *A Dying Colonialism* and *Towards the African Revolution* (Writers and Readers £2.50 & £2.95). Born in Martinique, Fanon practised clinical psychiatry and medicine in Algiers and his philosophy of black revolution grew out of his experiences during the Algerian war of independence. No doubt his works are studied by SWAPO leaders today and these English texts will be

welcomed by students at the School of Oriental and African Studies.

Peter Matthiessen's *The Snow Leopard* (Picador £1.95) is more than an account of his quest for a rare Tibetan leopard, it is also a paeon to Buddhism. It is, however, interestingly digressive. For example, while trudging through the snow Matthiessen remembers his wife: 'lovely in person and spirit, a gifted writer and wonderful teacher with a passionate inquiring mind, exceptionally intelligent and kind.' This outburst of wife-worship is excused by her melancholy death from cancer one Christmas in New York. Such memories, inspired by the emptiness and grandeur of the Himalayas, lead Matthiessen to his conclusion, in the words of the lama, 'Of course I am happy here! It's wonderful! Especially when I have no choice.' As an introduction to Buddhism it makes livelier reading than the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

Matthiessen writes well, high on mountain air and religion. High on dope, Hunter S. Thompson writes disagreeably. For nearly 20 years Thompson has been in the vanguard of the 'new journalism' and this collection *The Great Shark Hunt* (Picador £2.95) is intended to secure his reputation. The title piece describes how he and his sidekick Bloor in the course of a 10-hour flight manage to consume 'two hits of MDA, six tabs of acid, a gram and a half of raw cocaine and a random handful of speed' washed down with at least a bottle of Scotch. For all that you need a stomach pump handy just to read Thompson's prose, it's effective enough for chronicling the Nixon era. He is proud of his consistent Nixon baiting, beginning as early as 1968 when he

described Nixon as a man 'with the integrity of a hyena and the style of a poison toad'.

A more detached view of America comes from Jessica Mitford in her *Making of a Muckraker* (Quartet £2.95). She surveys and appraises the American way of life from her privileged vantage point as a British outside insider. Even when the Union of Funeral Directors smear her as a Soviet provocateur, or a swindling restaurant owner accuses her of intemperance, she remains sunny, witty and in command.

New Statesman readers will be familiar with Arthur Marshall's column. *Taking Liberties* (Robin Clark £1.95) is a selection from his two previous books and so contains nothing new. It is in fact the third printing of his whimsical essays. I find his prep school-masterish humour rather feeble but I will admit that he is the master of meandering prose. He would have had no difficulty in writing this review; passing seamlessly from one subject to another without a trace of anxiety.

Macmillan have reissued three good literary studies in their attractive Papermac series. John Wain's *The Living World of Shakespeare* (£2.95) is what it sets out to be — a 'playgoer's guide', and while not startling in its judgments it is always reliable. C.P. Snow's *The Realists* (£2.95) is a study of eight 19th-century European novelists. It's a blend of biographical sketches and touches of criticism; a genre favoured by scholarly bookmen rather than academics. Snow is particularly fond of Dostoyevsky — amorous in middle age, poor and illiberal, and he makes out a good case for us all to read and discover the Spanish novelist, Perez Galdós. Patricia Beer's *Reader I Married Him* (£2.95) examines the attitudes of Austen, Brontë, Gaskell and Eliot towards their female characters. Of George Eliot she writes, 'she has the highest faith in the potential of women and the deepest distrust in the likelihood of its realization. The English domestic setting is most often the enemy'.

Perhaps the most influential woman in the socialist movement was born in Poland in 1871, miles away from cosiness. Rosa Luxemburg's achievement was more intellectual than



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practical. The workers' revolution that she attempted to ignite in Germany in 1918 failed utterly and led to her murder. Tony Cliff, founder member of the Socialist Workers Party, has republished his 1959 monograph *Rosa Luxemburg* (Bookmarks £1.95). It is a good enough introduction to her life and works, though he is relentlessly partisan . . . 'her writings . . . are a more valuable contribution to the struggle to liberate the workers from the pernicious ideology of bourgeois reformism than those of any other Marxist'. I note with pleasure that the publishers of this book urge socialists to invest in their co-operative venture in return for free Bookmarks publications and 'other advantages'; thus preventing banks from lending socialist savings to 'some businessman or other to further the aims of capitalism'.

M.R.D. Foot in his *Six Faces of Courage* (Magnum £1.50), while not belittling the achievements of the communist resistance, chooses to focus on apolitical or anti-communist figures in these sketches of heroism. They were, he maintains, just ordinary men and women moved by patriotism, honour and hidden qualities of leadership. For many resisters their heroic efforts seemed to consume all their energies so that after the war they suffered from broken marriages, alcoholism and lassitude. It was perhaps inevitable, given their conservatism and patriotism, that they should end up veterans of disillusion.

Dear Comrades: Readers Letters to Lotta Continua (Pluto Press £1.95) is a selection of letters to the left wing daily *Lotta Continua* (continuous struggle) which brilliantly catches the love and desperation of today's disinherited youth. Perhaps it is the excellent translation that gives the letters their power, almost of fiction. The correspondents describe their frustrations; lousy education, no jobs, drug addiction, loneliness, the suicide and murder of friends. There's a telling account of a group of pregnant women on a package deal to a London abortion clinic which turns out to be a ruthless exploiter of papal edicts. There are letters from women outraged that their male comrades, notional feminist sympathisers, continue to molest and sexually abuse them. The extent of youthful contempt

for the Italian Communist Party is abundantly clear as is their hatred of the Christian Democrats and their parents. There is a clue here to the attraction of terrorism that masquerades as revolutionary action. Young Italians, with justification, feel abandoned. The only justice and happiness they think they can find is in comradeship; helping each other in a common struggle against the brick wall of unemployment and alien government.

Bull's Eye

JUDY COOKE reviews fiction recently published in paperback

John Updike's *The Coup* (Penguin £1.25) is set in 'the arid land of Kush', an African state so casually used by cartographers that 'the borders in the north-west are nine-tenths imaginary'. The rest of the country is firmly located within the consciousness of its would-be saviour Colonel Ellelou who was born 'in the peanut highlands of the west' and educated at Franchise University, Wisconsin, where he met a latter day Lolita and married her. In a ferociously comic narration Ellelou describes the coup that brought him to power, the execution of the old king, the self-doubts of dictatorship and his inevitable betrayal by Katunda, an ambitious tribal beauty in a Dacron suit who ends up as Minister of the Interior and Protector of Female Rights.

I cannot overpraise the greedy sweep of the author's grand scheme. Four wives and a late starter, the Olympic sprinter Settina, bounding up to make a fifth; two continents (since America is in Kush as much as Kush is in the eye of an American) and a hilarious sequence of parodies, sometimes overtaken by the real thing.

In Chapter Four we are given a Baudelairean celebration of the exotic: Ellelou sets out to seek wisdom in the desert accompanied by his best girl, Sheba, a Honky's dream of home. Much of their quest is recounted in delicious Perelmanese; then the mood changes, deepens and the language effortless attains the poetic. What of Updike the moralist? He is no longer working within that cold pastoral which dictated the range of some earlier satires; here his targets are political, literary and educational, and he hits them smack in the bull's eye.

Knut Hamsun ranks with Ibsen in his country's literature; he received the Nobel Prize in 1920 and was the forerunner of a whole school of modern writing. His novels are massive, naturalistic works which transport the reader to the forest landscapes of pre-industrial Norway. He was self-taught, a wanderer, whose own experiences are reflected in the themes of *Wayfarers* (Souvenir Press £4.50). *Growth of the Soil* (Picador £2.95) is the greater book; an account of man's struggle with and against the land, it is both visionary and direct, rooted in detail. It depicts the immense change from rural to urban culture as reflected in the lives of one family. The descriptive writing is sensuous and skilful; the emotional relationships delicately drawn, so that at the crises of division and reconciliation one may be moved to tears.

John McGahern's novel was new to me but in some ways already known; *The Pornographer* (Quartet Books/Poolbeg Press £2.25) is unmistakably Irish, melodious, funny, often melancholy. It describes a Dublin love affair that begins casually, even coldly on the man's side and rapidly approaches complexity, i.e. she gets pregnant. The story is artfully simple. The central characters struggle with each other and with the situation, and suffer apart in the differentiated pain of being born Irish, Catholic and female, Irish, Catholic and male. There are unexpected freedoms; the book is optimistic in that it suggests a writer can remain, sane, in 'the city that sometimes makes you want to throw up', Herself. As for the title, that is disproved by the briefest of quotations:

We were both the tree and the summer. We were one. It was as if we were, then, those four people, now gone out of time, who had snatched the two of us into time. For a moment again we possessed their power and their glory anew, pushing out of the mind all graveclothes.

The Sea, The Sea (Triad/Panther £1.50) which won Iris Murdoch the 1978 Booker Prize, demonstrates her enduring strengths as a novelist: her ability to spin a good yarn, her intelligence and that celebration of art which makes *The Black Prince* so fine. The central character in this story is an elderly man of the theatre, Charles Arrowby, who has resolved to abjure rough magic, break his staff, bury his book. Not a bit of it; his inventions pursue him into retirement, torment him and finally rescue him from an isolated old age. Will he win her back, his childhood sweetheart? Is she real? As a study of obsession the text is at first rather chilly; plunge into the water and you will be swept away on currents of narrative. The physical apprehension of love is perhaps not the author's object (at any rate, there is more particularity in her descriptions of food); her analysis of that emotion is, as always, tender and truthful. She writes superbly and brings to her northern seas an oriental splendour, as though the book were best illustrated by a frozen, moving, Japanese black wave.

I can't go overboard about the 1979 Booker, nor would that response be appropriate to last year's prizewinner. Penelope Fitzgerald's *Offshore* (Magnum Books £1.10) is reticent and wry and queries the value of any grand gesture. It describes a group of people who have decided to leave the mainland for a variety of reasons; waving, not drowning, they form a community of houseboat dwellers at Battersea Reach and survive by a combination of luck and mutual support. It is a tightrope of a novel, stretched between absurdity and pathos; the river flows on beneath, a dominating presence, both threatening and sustaining.

They Call It Murder by Tom Hart (Quarto £2.50) is a short, vivid account of an eleven-year-old girl who is so deprived of love that she commits a hideous crime. Conventional moral judgments fall short at such a catastrophe. The author is professionally concerned with the care of delinquents and his commitment gives the book an angry authority; in essence, it is a documentary, not unlike the case histories which illustrate Laing's theories of schizophrenia. The suffering in *When The Tree Sings* by Stratis Haviaras (Picador £1.50) is that much harder to take, since the conflicts are fully dramatised and the writing has all the energy of a poetic imagina-

Among this week's contributors:

MORRIS FRASER is Senior Psychiatric Registrar at University College Hospital and Friern Hospital and the author of *Children in Conflict* and *Black Narcissus*.

DESMOND HOGAN has just been awarded the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize for his collection of short stories, *The Diamonds at the Bottom of the Sea*.

LAURENCE LERNER's most recent collection of poems, *The Man I Killed*, was published by Secker earlier this year.

BLAKE MORRISON is the author of *The Movement: English Poetry and Fiction of the 1950s*.

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tion behind it. It is set in wartime Greece; the horrors of the German occupation are continually highlighted by the beauty of that countryside and the courage of the resistance fighters.

Of *The Four Hundred* by Stephen Sheppard (Penguin £1.25) there is little to say, save that even Rothschild, Pinkerton and Queen Victoria, who are introduced in an effort to jolly along this adventure, cannot make it move faster.

All sorts and conditions of novels in paperback, then, this autumn. For readers who would like a wider perspective on modern fiction, there is an excellent series of lectures now under way at Book House, Wandsworth. The New Fiction Society, together with the Extra-Mural Department at London University, has drawn up a star-studded list of speakers and the topics range widely from Beckett (Christopher Ricks) to Bellow (Malcolm Bradbury). Highly recommended.

City of Visions

DESMOND HOGAN reviews Powys, Sharpe and others now in paperback

After My Fashion by JOHN COWPER POWYS
Picador £2.50

Our Ancestors by ITALO CALVINO Picador
£2.95

The Old Jest by JENNIFER JOHNSTON Fontana
£1

Three Trapped Tigers by G. CABRERA INFANTE
Picador £2.95

The Head Case by JACKY GILLOTT Granada
£1.50

The Throwback by TOM SHARPE Pan 95p

After My Fashion is a lovely book, a pleasure to read in a literary landscape which chews its own bones. Though written when John Cowper Powys was nearing middle-age it reads as a young man's book, a Paul Morel's book, with two male characters, one reckless, the other resourceful and reticent, symbolising some fragmentation in Powys himself, a death of one part of himself before he could prepare himself for his masterpieces *A Glastonbury Romance* and *Weymouth Sands*. As in all his work there is the adulation of the English countryside and by contrast here glimpses of New York early in the century, a city of skyscrapers, a city of visions, a city which at once casts a spell and invites you into a nightmare. This is the first publication of *After My Fashion*. Its appearance is a cause to celebrate.

Three of Italo Calvino's magical tales are contained in *Our Ancestors*. I was brought back to childhood, to my memories of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. How could one forget the lepers who play strange harps with bells attached and welcome new lepers from the outside world into their own with celebration? How could one forget the sister who dresses like a nun and cooks porcupines whole? How could one forget the description of a night of love between a lady and an empty suit of armour possessed by the spirit of Agilulf the knight? With Calvino you feel like going on to his next book, and the one after.

Jennifer Johnston is one of the most elusive

of Irish novelists. Her catatonic vision merged beautifully with the slenderness of *How Many Miles to Babylon?* *Shadows on our Skin* leapt on to the screen in a recent television film. But I am oddly at odds with most of her work. In *The Old Jest*, the filigree prose style has advanced light years beyond, say, the awkwardness of *The Gates* but I couldn't be moved by this story of a young Anglo-Irish girl and a rebel during the War of Independence. Maybe because present guns are so loud in my ears, I couldn't accept the final image, for all my admiration of its exactitude, of blood in the Irish sea; there is a certain porcelain delicacy in it.

Three Trapped Tigers reminds me of a novel a friend of mine wrote at school. Havana before the revolution: night clubs, randy Americans, and all these celebrations spiced with memories of childhood, acerbic, mutilated. G. Cabrera Infante declared in a recent *Time Out* interview that he wished his novel had been even more confusing than it is; fair enough. The comparisons with *Ulysses* are obvious, cities at the tail-end of imperialism, cities by the sea. I never really admired *Ulysses* and I hope that other people will admire and grasp more from *Three Trapped Tigers* than I did.

Which leaves Jacky Gillott's last novel. I didn't like the heady journalistic style or the attempts at a kind of humour that glosses over the sores of life. The novel is charged with its own core of despair. I would prefer to remember Jacky Gillott by her recent spirited defence of Margaretta D'Arcy in *The Listener* than by this, for all its *Cosmopolitan*-type humour, disillusioned novel.

The blurb on Tom Sharpe's novel assures you you'll be laughing out loud — and I did laugh out loud at times, in spite of myself. But the laughter that *The Throwback* provokes in you comes from the sick part of yourself. Once in Ireland priests used to make certain people repent of writing books by making them kneel down and recant their works. I wish Tom Sharpe was introduced to a priest or two from the Forties in Ireland.

Laurence Lerner

Familiar Territory

Ways of Escape, by GRAHAM GREENE Bodley
Head £6.95

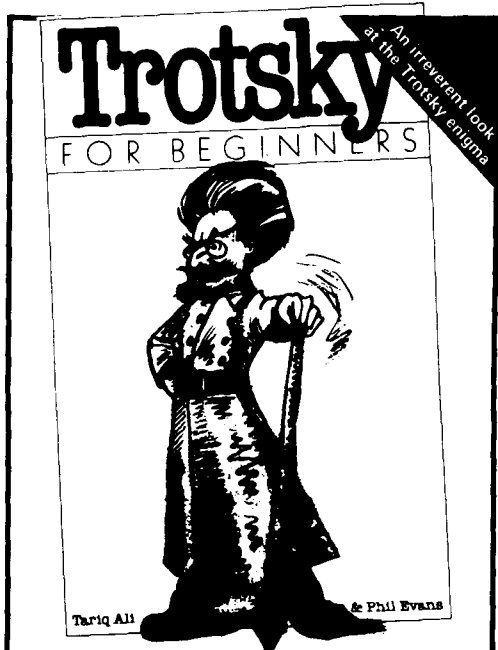
Graham Greene's autobiography is at the same time a very reticent and a very revealing book. Explaining that he does not feel free to infringe what he calls the 'copyright' of others, he tells us nothing salacious about his family and friends, and offers nothing for the gossip columnist. 'Biographies,' wrote George Eliot, 'are a disease of English Literature'; there is nothing here that will spread infection.

Or not *that* infection. The infection of despair has always mined deep in Greene's novels, and this book makes it clear how totally that derives from his own view of life. Of course we knew it already: from *The Lost Childhood*, and more immediately from the preceding autobiographical volume, *A Sort of Life*, which was a sort of hymn to the attractions of failure. There are no purple passages about *accidie* in *Ways of Escape*, but there are

passing remarks that stab you with the bleakness of their sincerity. In his wartime diary, for instance, after three vivid pages on the Great Blitz of 16 April — glass shattering, people 'bleeding in squalid pyjamas, grey with debris dust' — comes this brief paragraph: 'A street accident is horrible and fortuitous, but all this belonged to human nature.' How are we to take that chilling sentence: does belonging to human nature make things worse, or (because expected) less bad? Greene's brilliant perversity would be capable of this meaning.

The despair that Greene's novels suck from their author appears above all in their atmosphere, in the fact that they are all set in what the critics have named 'Greeneland', the world in which everyone has toothache, or small eruptions on the face, or the villagers leave their rubbish under a sign reading 'It is forbidden to deposit rubbish'. Since novelists read their critics, Greene is aware of this criticism, and he defends himself in the only possible way, the way that while protesting at the point also confirms it: 'I can only say it is the land in which I have passed much of my life.' When he assures us that the dead child did lie in the ditch, in just that attitude, that if he seems to lay it on too thick the material was thick, I believe him. The writer can make his universe by selecting as well as by inventing.

The sordidness of Greene's world is usually connected with his Catholicism: a world impregnated with evil is a world capable of redemption, and human depravity is a reason for believing in God's grace. It is no use Graham Greene trying to tear off the label 'Catholic novelist', he is clearly stuck with it, now, but he wears it under some protest, and



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his discussion of the matter in this book is fascinating. He points out that no critic noticed his Catholicism before *Brighton Rock* (1938), though he had been converted before his first novel appeared; and he admits that *A Burnt-Out Case* (1961) marks a kind of retreat from Catholic commitment. The two shifts are treated differently: that towards the Catholic novels in terms of conscious decision and his development as a novelist ('the time was ripe for me to use Catholic characters'), the later shift away from them in more personal terms (he is very frank about his growing sympathy with loss of faith).

The account of *It's a Battlefield* in this book remarks that several of the characters had living originals, and tells us that his uncle Graham Greene 'lent a little of his stiff inhibited bachelor integrity to the character of the Assistant Commissioner'. Rereading *It's a Battlefield* ('the least read of all my books'), I was struck by how much that character seemed to draw from Conrad's Assistant Commissioner in *The Secret Agent*; just as Greene's fondness for flashbacks must derive from Conrad too (though it is attributed in this book to the fact that 'the idea of A to Z has always scared me, like the thought in childhood of the long summer term'). Of course a novelist's effects are overdetermined: the literary scholar who observes Greene's debt to Conrad is not 'refuted' by these remarks, any more than Greene is being evasive in not mentioning it. His tendency to locate the origins of his books in his personal life, rather than in influences and technical problems, shows how revealing, in what matters, he is willing to be.

Many of Greene's best books are organised round a central metaphor (leprosy in *A Burnt-Out Case*, role-playing in *The Comedians*). Here the organising image is of escape: travel as escape from the humdrum, film scripts, plays and short stories as escape from writing novels, above all the creative act itself as escape from 'the madness, the melancholia, the panic fear which is inherent in the human situation'. The variations are intelligent, the revelations moving, but I confess to a disappointment with the central image: it is too familiar, too unoriginal. Yet if the book as a whole is not Greene at his best, some of the details are magnificent. My favourite is the description of a fight on Aeroflot with two grotesque characters (the ancient editor of *l'Humanité* and a spy newly released from prison), and an indication of how easily, by confining himself to superficial description, he could have made the whole bizarre scene seem like 'the world our fathers knew'. After the turgidness of much of *It's a Battlefield*, the irony of this brief page is a joy. Greeneland at its best looks like familiar territory.

John Mole

Summer's Lease

Your shoulder, stooped a little now
In aging, lures
A slow sun to its fullness.

Your hair, spread out
In reminiscent lustre, lifts
And glosses on the breeze.

Your love, so long asleep
In mine, will wake
Elsewhere to darkness at a later time.

24

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

No Limits to Love

No Limits to Love by DAVID MERCER
Warehouse

Traitors by STEPHEN SEWELL *Hampstead*

Lone Star and Private Wars by JAMES
MCLURE *Bush*

When someone dies suddenly, the survivors are usually left impotently wishing they'd said this, done that, achieved this understanding, that reconciliation; and one of my own regrets as a drama critic is, and will be, that I never told David Mercer how very good I thought he fundamentally was. Looking back at my reviews of his work, *Ride a Cock Horse to Then and Now*, I realise I squandered too much space on aesthetic nigger and quibble, wrangling with him about a lack of discipline which, more sympathetically considered, accurately reflected his frazzled, unruly, dissatisfied, questioning and questing temperament.

To be sure, he could buttonhole you like some time-warped Ancient Mariner, railing and raving in your ear about sex, marriage, divorce, booze, madness, psychiatry, the old folks in working-class Yorkshire, the perils of being uprooted and replanted in bourgeois topsoil, the iniquities of capitalism and the imperfections of communism, Western triviality and Eastern repression, the difficulty of sustaining a defiant individualism and yet of being a responsible social being, the pain of being human and of wanting and persistently failing to be whole. But his obsessions were worth sharing, and he worried away at them with honesty, intelligence and humour. How many others have devoted their lives to asking with such wry singlemindedness why we live so badly and how we might do better?

What bothers me is that I would probably now be niggling over *No Limits* if Mercer were alive and that, up to a point, I would be right. It involves a fractious *menage à trois* which finds itself haunted by a polite, decorous spook from the pasts of the two males in the case. Otto psychoanalysed Edward, a cellist, during his breakdown; and he had a love-affair with a young man he then lost to Hugh, an Oxford don. This last revelation especially appalls Marna, Edward's wife, who didn't realise a clammy homosexual had been skulking in her bed. The action, not always Mercer's most plausible, now veers towards melodrama. Otto pulls out the revolver he has been carrying since a contretemps with the Gestapo in the Thirties, and vengefully plugs Hugh in the ear-lobe.

But then the play reverts to what Mercer did both best and worst, the analysis of individuals in their fraught and frustrated dealings with one another, each seeking to comprehend, achieve equilibrium, be satisfied, and survive. At times it becomes ravelled and clotted as its author, who never pre-planned his work but always improvised as he wrote, flings in this motive, that example of behaviour, this piece of speculation about motive and behaviour.

Did Marna really stand on street corners, screeching Edward's name when someone propositioned her, and, if so, why? How seriously should we take the long, fractured speech in which she angrily proclaims herself 'your slave, your creature, gentlemen'? One of Mercer's faults was to get too close to his creations, to scrabble about in their innards before adequately establishing an outer existence for them, to feed the audience more information than it could absorb. Yet what a refreshing fault that was in a theatre whose dramatists commonly squeeze out character in stingy squirts, like toothpaste. Mercer, more than any of his generation, wanted to discover, learn, *know*.

The play's humour, which is abundant, helps root it in reality, fends off the sentimentality which threatens towards the end, but isn't permitted to determine the overall tone and effect. It is more than a sardonic satire on Hampstead self-absorption, though it is partly that. John Shrapnel's brusque, choleric Hugh suddenly thaws, and ends up in bed with Edward Petherbridge's Otto, promising to tend him till death. Bob Peck's glumly ironic Edward and Susan Tracy's Marna are left to make the best of each other, which they do by claspings, hugging, and then sharing a private concert of the Bach cello suites. It would be a lunatic simplification to call this denouement Mercer's final summing-up. It is, after all, a play which relegates politics to the past and the background, to disillusioned references to Paris 1968 and mistrustful comments about revolutionaries; and I can't believe he would have been content to leave it at that. But at one level at least it has a valedictory feel. There should be, perhaps, can be, 'no limits to love'.

Stalin is a figure every radical playwright has at some time to try to understand and explain, if only on the private stage inside his brainbox. His spectre stalked many of Mercer's plays, dictating and defining his author's disenchantment with the Soviet empire today; and *Traitors*, too, is an informative if prolix contribution to study of the subject, showing (as it does) the deviousness, cynicism and ruthlessness with which the loyal opposition within the Communist Party was crushed back in 1926 and 1927. Uncle Joe himself never actually appears, and his prime agent in the play, a brutish Cheka colonel, hasn't the mental wherewithal to enter into anything that could be dignified as a debate with the representatives of Trotsky and Zinoviev on hand. So those looking for intellectual trenchancy and political sophistication will be disappointed.

What they'll find instead is an earnest, dour, rather lapidary picture of several varieties of victim: the one who is tormented and murdered; the one who, in defiance of his instincts and principles, tortures and kills. The piece intermittently flares into life, thanks mainly to John Castle, a secret policeman

inveigled down the stony road that ends in self-hatred and suicide, and Emma Piper, a young Trot made increasingly aware that the only liberty available to her is sexual. But more consistent light and heat are missing.

This play comes from Australia, the thoroughly entertaining double-bill at the Bush from Louisville, Kentucky. *Private Wars*, set in an army veterans hospital, involves mental, sexual and social impotence; and *Lone Stars*, the better of the two, is essentially if less obviously about the same subject. 'I love my wife, I love my country, I love my car,' intones Roy, a hard-drinking, hard-talking Texan with a high conceit of his male prowess; and then he learns that his half-lobotomised brother seduced his wife while he was away in Vietnam, and that his pet pink Thunderbird has been totalled by the cringing weakling from next door. The somewhat similar fate of his nation we know already. American playwrights have, of course, long been

obsessed with the hollow places behind and inside their countrymen's machismo; and I suppose it could be said that James McLure has little to add to what's become the widely accepted diagnosis of a generally recognised sickness.

But he writes with humour and control, sympathy and some subtlety, and an unerring enjoyment of the ripe vernacular his characters mainly spout: all of which gives his play an authentic, first-hand feel. He's clearly a name to note.

Briefly, Tom Kempinski's *Duet for One*, with Frances de la Tour as the crippled violinist in the psychiatrist's confessional, has made a thoroughly deserved move from Bush to Duke of Yorks; and *Pal Joey*, which Christopher Edwards approved in August, has transferred from Half Moon to Alberly. Altogether, the fringe seems to be taking over the centre. And not, some may think, before time.

Theatre — 2

Paul Allen

Black Cherries

Black Lear by BARRIE KEEFFE *Crucible Studio, Sheffield, and tour*

What is it about the idea of a goods train full of tins of baked beans passing through a deserted station on a midnight journey to Welwyn Garden City that makes it such a powerful image of desolation? It is there and gone in *Black Lear* in less time than it takes to write it down, much less than it would take the train to pass. And I didn't know, though I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised, that if a black woman has a breast removed, the health service can supply only white substitutes.

Few writers can match Barrie Keeffe's eye and ear for that kind of telling detail. None that I know of has his gift of letting anger and comedy speak in the same voice at the same time. These qualities are handsomely present in *Black Lear*; so, alas, is the endemic lack of discipline that leads him to include one rhetorical flourish too many in every speech and to give his characters things to express which are what he wants them to say, not what they want to say themselves.

The information about false breasts comes from a long and angry speech from Susan (Merdelle Jordine), who is the Cordelia-figure in this exploration of the Lear theme. She is offered a share in her father's house, the mortgage paid off after 31 years' devoted toil with London Transport, on the sole condition that she drinks a toast to England before he goes home to Nigeria.

She can't do it. But what she responds with is a speech that any white socialist could make about Thatcherite Britain, with a few 'black' sentiments stuck on with awkward inappropriateness like cherries on a meat pie. It can only be self-deception for white writers to suggest that the focus of black anger is an administration which has been in office for less than two years. I think Keeffe recognises this: he gets Susan to say things about her father's

lifetime as the dupe of Britain's post-imperial internal colonialism — but that is not when the anger rings out most convincingly.

The parallels with Shakespeare's Lear are not always happy, simply because they divert the author and his audience into the game of checking them out. If the other daughter is representative of both Goneril and Regan, is her boyfriend meant to be Cornwall and Edmund? Is the Scottish railway buffet steward whom Tom King (the hero: not a happy pun) meets on the deserted track in his 'mad' spell meant to be Gloucester (he complains a lot about his children) or Edgar or Kent or even Albany? Or a mixture of the lot? And the story really ties itself in knots as Keeffe tries to parallel Shakespeare's ending: short on personnel, he enrolls a rather clumsily tape-recorded dog to precipitate the tragedy. It is a moment that provokes giggles.

This is not Shakespeare's story anyway. Tom King is not a flawed giant of a tragic hero and, whatever he says, gratitude and love between father and daughters are never really the issue. *Black Lear* is a good 'selling' title, but the play is a sharp, contemporary, political broadside with quite enough of its own to sustain a story. There's a good, original play in there somewhere.

The production for Temba Theatre Company seems unlikely to bring its qualities out. For long periods the characters stand in a row at the back of the stage and shout at each other. When they realise how boring this is, they pace up and down a bit. Alton Kumalo is in typically operatic form as King, flashing his voice like a broadsword and summoning up torrents of irrational anger which recall plenty of Shakespearean heroes. But when other people are talking he is less interested and less interesting.

There is an agreeable mixture of corrosive wit and compassion about Peter Ellis's Scot, but the other actors still seemed to be in search of their characters.

Films

John Coleman

Monstrous

The Elephant Man (AA) *ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads; Studio, Oxford Circus*

Slow Motion (X) *Camden Plaza*

La Dérobade (X) *Classics, Oxford Street and Chelsea; Cinecenta; Odeon, Westbourne Grove*

It was David Lynch who made the squalid and diseased fantasy *Eraserhead* in 1976 and the first difficulty in dealing candidly with his *The Elephant Man* is exactly that knowledge. Had I seen the new film unadvised would I have felt the same initial unease, verging on queasiness, during its portentous opening sequences, which offer trumpeting pachyderms on the move, a woman's face, a form of mushroom cloud (the birth, or death, of creation?), cutting in to the surgeon Frederick Treves (Anthony Hopkins) as he proceeds down canvas corridors towards a freak show?

Freddie Francis's black-and-white photography is generally pretty stunning, but one recalls that he has latterly been associated with horror movies; and there is considerable ambiguity in the way we are kept waiting, hanging on for our first full-frontal look at the grossly deformed head of John (actually Joseph) Merrick, unhappy victim of multiple neurofibromatosis. We see tears in Treves's eyes at the private viewing he has bribed the scoundrelly Bytes (Freddie Jones, camping for evil) to allow him. We see a shambling fellow, with the sack masking his face falling into oddly elephant-like folds, entering the London Hospital. And when Treves delivers his lecture to a tiered assembly of professionals, who somehow appallingly end by applauding, we are allowed an unprivileged glimpse of the Elephant Man from behind, of a silhouette through a curtain. After the press show, someone argued all this was delicately to prepare us. If this generous proposal is true, why then should a timid young nurse be sent on alone with the monster's food and her scream be sounding still in our ears as we see the melancholy misshapenness wrought upon the excellent John Hurt's face by wizards of make-up *for the first time*?

No, the unfortunate emphasis of Lynch's fictional movie, drawn at a distance from Treves's own published reminiscences and Ashley Montagu's *The Elephant Man: A Study in Human Dignity*, is on the sensational, as when an unwarrantably dwelt-on scene has the night porter ushering in a mob of drunken cronies at so much a head, shuddering doxies forced by their deviate mentor to embrace the cowering Merrick; or, as a gang of kids pursue the hooded fellow at a station (on his return from France and recapture by Bytes) for all the world like some Phantom of the Opera or Frankenstein's Monster. Throughout there is the cacophony of machinery, blazing furnaces, the apparatus of industrialism, of Victorian England in the 1880s; yet its main purpose seems extra-

historical, symbolical rather of some vaguely realised hell. And yet there is a film, within the movie and almost despite it, which is sometimes rather fine.

This is thanks partly to a muted and masterly performance from Anthony Hopkins, fearful that he has become little better than Bytes in his exploitation of Merrick; but substantially to the magnificent John Hurt, softly spooning out little ecstasies of gratitude, paying a guest's compliments, with the hesitant well-spoken tentativeness of a curate among the tea things, gradually inducing one to forget he is physically an anomaly. His small flarings or darings of vanity are beautifully suggested. His expectations are so few. At his social sponsor, the actress Mrs Kendal's instigation, a glittering house rises to applaud him in his box at his first visit to a theatre, unaware they are clapping themselves. Had David Lynch's *The Elephant Man* been a hundred times better, it would still have raised disquiet. Just what is our role in this devious enterprise?

Such questions, though arising from totally other *partis pris*, are central to the work of Jean-Luc Godard; and, as an episode in the continuing non-drama of his destruction of conventional cinema, and of our conventional notions of what cinema is, his *Slow Motion* — its full French title is *Sauve qui peut* (*La Vie*) — is relatively accessible. Paul Godard (Jacques Dutronc), a TV director, is abandoned by his girl-friend Denise Rimbaud (Nathalie Baye), a would-be writer, who opts for the countryside. Isabelle Rivière (Isabelle Huppert) is a very calm whore, whom Paul briefly uses. Later, Isabelle chums up with Denise, while looking for a flat. Paul meets his ex-wife and daughter in the street, apologises for earlier bad behaviour in a cafe, and is knocked down by a car. Wife and daughter walk away, past an orchestra playing the film's theme music, as Paul dies. There are chapter headings of no great moment; there is both slow- and stop-motion; the film cuts around errantly but not indecipherably. It is plotless but not meaningless. Marguerite Duras is heard off camera.

Dialogues veer between literary-pretentious and scatological-obsessive, with the odd oasis of quotidian-communicative. Considerable running emphasis is placed on bad sex, mad sex, above all on bought sex. A long sequence turns on the humiliation of a prostitute, one of three bodies (Isabelle, also whorishly present, guards her precious, instinctive cool) organised into a ludicrous *partouse* by a businessman at his desk. The scene tilts into nastiness, Godard (Jean-Luc) making a point of having his kinky clients conduct deals over the phone while arranging their purchased flesh. The residual impression is of being force-fed the old simplistic connections between capitalism and prostitution, metropolitan life and the death of the heart. I persist in finding something painfully autobiographical and undigested in Godard's *oeuvre*. It is possible that is what I am supposed to be doing. But if honesty is the best policy, it is not *inevitably* interesting. As a pendant to this, those in search of a more matter-of-fact account of a whore's hard life might do worse than visit Daniel Duval's blow-by-blow *La Dérobade*, crude fiction based on a book by an authentic whore, Jeanne Cordelier, and a depressing piece.

Walter Hill's Western *The Long Riders* must hold its horses till next week.

Films — 2

Godard's Half-Century

STUART HOOD discusses the Jean-Luc Godard season at the National Film Theatre (until 1 November), his new film, *Slow Motion* (Camden Plaza) and Colin MacCabe's book, *Godard: Images, Sounds, Politics* (BFI/Macmillan £4.95)

Godard believes that in our society the prostitute is by the nature of her job uniquely able to perceive the reality of the exploitation which is the common element in all work under capitalism. It is a view which can be sustained only if 'exploitation' is interpreted in a wide sense as opposed to the more rigorous definition of exploitation as the extraction of surplus value from the worker, whether male or female. His elaboration of the concept as meaning that in the occidental world prostitution is the only locus in which we can see work and love together drew some protests from the audience for his Guardian Lecture at the National Film Theatre — an occasion which was less a lecture than an extended conversation with Colin MacCabe, whose recent work on Godard is an admirably informed and cool assessment of the film-maker and his work.

In the course of a series of exchanges with MacCabe and the audience marked by elegant fencing wit and considerable good humour — both helped to distinguish the occasion from his last appearance at the NFT which ended in a scuffle with his producer — Godard discussed his recent work and his future plans. As far as the latter are concerned they are to make films in two locations which in geographical and political terms embody an extreme polarity. In Mozambique, where he will work for and with the Government, there are, as he pointed out, men and women who have never encountered images of any kind; in Hollywood he will be working with Coppola as his producer in the great image-factory. In this connection he elaborated with a certain irony his metaphor of prostitution and extended it to film-making.

His recent work is *Sauve qui peut* (English title: *Slow Motion*) which is concerned with sexual alienation and therefore also with prostitution. This has been a central theme in Godard's films before, notably in *Two or Three Things I Know about Her* in which he identifies the conditions of life in the grim tower-blocks on the outskirts of Paris and the false demands created by advertising images as two reasons why some women choose this form of work. In a chapter of MacCabe's book, jointly written with Laura Mulvey, the point is made that 'Godard's perception of women in the economy is simultaneously illuminating and obscurantist' for although his analysis succeeds in linking the oppression of capitalism and the alienation of sexuality there is a final flaw in the analysis in that 'it finally reproduces the equation of women and sexuality which, at another level, it displaces'.

This ambivalence is not altogether eliminated in *Slow Motion* in which the two leading female parts are those of a country girl who comes to town to pursue her trade, pleasuring — if the word is at all applicable — customers who barely interrupt their business calls for the business of sex or indulge in elaborate couplings which are mechanical and absurd, and of her counterpart and mirror im-

age, a young woman who takes refuge in the country from a broken (exploitative) sexual relationship and from work in the media: photography and television. These young women are linked by Paul Godard — the name is that of the film-maker's father — who is the customer of the one and the lover of the other. Godard is not one to use names or references lightly so that it is perhaps not too audacious to see in this film a reflection of his wrestlings (he is Protestant by origin) with the problems of sexual relations in our society, with the impossibility of communicating with prostitute or girl-friend or ex-wife, and to define it as a film of the male climacteric which is honest and disturbing in its development and desperate in its solution: the accidental and trivial death of its hero, run over by a car. Viewed from another point of view the film is remarkable in Godard's *oeuvre* in being a narrative film such as he has not been able to achieve for the last 20 years: a narrative in which seductive images and music play an important part and which is witty, in-consequent and at times surrealist.

But where are the politics of the film to be located and, more broadly, where does Godard stand politically 12 years after 1968 and the foundation of the Dziga Vertov group, named after the radical Soviet film-maker and dedicated to the making of political films — or as Godard would say of 'making films politically'? It was a period which produced works like *British Sounds* made — unlikely as it sounds — for London Weekend Television and never screened, or *Vent d'Est* with a script by Danny Cohn-Bendit. MacCabe believes that:

it would be a mistake to say that politics has disappeared from Godard's work; it remains one of the elements. But Godard has drawn, in particularly stark form, some of the bitter consequences of the failure of the revolutionary left in Europe during the 1970s.

However, unless one is to extend the word 'politics' to mean relationships between human beings in general, there is little sign of politics in *Slow Motion* apart from a joke about Castro. What emerged from his evening at the NFT was the impression of a man who is politically sceptical to the point of agnosticism.

His case might therefore be read as one like that of many others who, having overestimated the importance of the events of 1968, are disenchanted with both politics and political activism. But there are deeper questions about Godard's politics and his political judgments. It is, for instance, strange that he seems still not to understand why *British Sounds* with its Maoist politics, full frontal nudity and aesthetic severity, never had the slightest chance of appearing on British television — for political reasons. More seriously there is the question concerning the nature of his involvement in the political movement that led up to the events of 1968 and in these even

themselves. These were the years of what may be described as his most directly political films which run from *La Chinoise* (a study of Maoist guerrillas) to *Letter to Jane* (Fonda) in 1972, which is a remarkable analysis of the signification of a news-photograph and, at the same time, a grossly unfair attack on the actress.

In an exchange which MacCabe reproduces some of the marginality of Godard's political interest emerges from remarks like 'For me Mao was just someone who was contradictory' or 'I just heard of someone named Mao who seemed to me to be part of the New Wave'. Perhaps his detachment from politics in the narrower, orthodox sense of the word, together with his feeling, also expressed to MacCabe, that some statement had to be made, explains that element of charade which is one of the weaknesses of his 'political' films. This is present in the acting-out of revolutionary situations by the strikingly good-looking heroine of *La Chinoise*; it is evident again in *British Sounds* where at the end a clenched fist clutches a red flag among ketchup-blood. It is as if there were points in such films where he felt that an explicit statement had to be made but did not have the conviction to say it. He therefore settled for play-acting. But such moments have to be set alongside his study of terrorism in *Le Petit Soldat* (1960) in which the central figure is a by no means unsympathetic OAS killer and the political and psychological analyses both highly accurate and deeply disturbing. The film was political dynamite. It is little wonder that the authorities banned its exhibition.

There is implicit in Godard's position as it began to be defined on the platform at the NFT a fundamental pessimism. It derives from the fact that, as MacCabe puts it, 'to participate in the established forms, be they political or televisual, is to lose what is specific in your experience and situation, to communicate easily at the cost of communicating nothing'. Godard's history as a film-maker and as someone who has worked with video has been a succession of attempts to break out of that double bind — attempts which have often been brilliant and, even when they failed, the source of wonder and excitement for anyone interested in film-making.

Rock

Mark Kidel

Healing Power

Master Musicians of Jajouka

Quietly and unobtrusively, without all the hype you would expect from the usual sources, and without a spot on the *Old Grey Whistle Test* or *Top of the Pops*, a ten-thousand-year-old rock 'n' roll band has been touring around the British Isles for the last month. That is, at least, the label acquired by the Master Musicians of Jajouka, when Timothy Leary raved about them in a book some years ago, around the time that they were first 'discovered' by Rolling Stone Brian Jones and other drug-crazed seekers in the Rif Mountains of Moroc-

co. They are, of course, nothing of the sort, because they are a group of 27 traditional musicians from a hill village in North Africa, very much removed from the pressures of the rock machine, without (so far) an official fan club, groupies, singles or a cover picture in *Melody Maker* or *Sounds*. And yet, the parallel is not altogether preposterous, for their music, like so much rock, is all about joy, celebration, and the raising of energy: it is sensual trance music, made for dancing and rediscovering a lost connection between body and spirit. Hearing them on a number of occasions — public performances, parties, and just playing after hours for their own pleasure — offered the chance, however, to experience all those elements and qualities in an almost totally uncorrupted form: music as a healing power, undisturbed by the distortions of the industrialised Western world.

Back in the Rif mountains, the musicians of Jajouka are a caste apart, the bearers of a musical tradition that has been passed down from father to son since pre-Islamic times. They play a number of different musics, each with its own specific purpose and instrumentation — strident shawms (*ghaila*) that induce lightheadedness and drums for ritual; and for celebration, the *gunbri*, a simple lute that has remained unchanged since ancient Egyptian times, violin and a rich assortment of percussion instruments, each with its own particular texture and timbre. The musicians have always in the past been supported by the village: in return for supplying music at every possible occasion, they have received one tenth of all village produce — a truly cooperative arrangement.

The music of Jajouka has changed very little over the last thousand years and its basic forms, melodies, and rhythms are few and simple, for the emphasis is entirely on experiencing each moment of performance, not on anticipating dramatic change or on building up a kind of narrative excitement. The Western world has almost completely lost the ability to pay attention to the *moment* ('being here now' as the well-worn but apt phrase goes) and our music, so bound up with changing fashions and styles, and so anxious to please, reflects a consciousness that builds reality around the recollection of past events, the expectation of future ones, and the need to feel part of the ceaseless parade of change.

The repertoire of the Jajouka musicians is, in our terms, very limited, and the sounds they produce monotonous, but the qualities of their music are to be found elsewhere — most particularly in the deep feeling transmitted when they play. They are not called 'masters' for nothing, but their mastery is not just a matter of technical virtuosity; it has more to do with the exemplary state of being that goes with spiritual accomplishment, the *baraka* or grace of Sufi teachers. For what is remarkable about the Jajouka musicians is that they do not live with a rift between the spiritual and the sensual, pleasure, sexuality, religion and pure joy: they exemplify a unity as natural to them as it has become unnatural to us.

Some rock 'n' roll has provided, particularly since the late Sixties, a similar means of experiencing the edge of trance consciousness, a feeling of oneness: the door through which we enter begins to open when we are fully in the moment, helped in rock as in the music of Jajouka, by hypnotic repetition, the level of decibels and particular combination of notes. In both cultures, drugs and dance play a

crucial part. We know next to nothing about music's effects on our mind and emotions, while in the Islamic and Indian worlds, it has been something of a science for over a thousand years. One of the musics played at Jajouka — only on Friday evenings, at the shrine of the teacher who originally brought Islam to the village — is specifically designed to cure boredom, listlessness and depression.

Jajouka's music is, by its very presence on these shores, under threat — torn away from the context that has always given it validity. The present tour has been organised by Rikki Stein, a totally well-intentioned friend of the village, who hopes to help stem the flow of younger musicians away from Jajouka to luring jobs in German and French factories. The music as we are hearing it today is still the product of a well-integrated community, but now that the cash economy has reached the Rif mountains, it has become, like everything else, a product, something to be consumed. And the logic of the acquisitive society is such that once you become an item for consumption, it is not long before you start consuming as well. The Jajouka villagers seem at present unscathed by their sudden entry into the world of buying and selling music. But most of them possess a warmth and innocence that may survive the pressures of a European tour, mostly because of an obvious inner strength. It is impossible to pass judgment, at this stage, on the rights or wrongs of such a tour. The musicians of Jajouka are certainly not a rigged 'national' troupe, packaged for Western ears. There is no doubt, though, that they *will* be changed; let us hope that they do not lose their special capacity to bring a deep and very moving sense of joy.

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Television

Julian Barnes

Phone Money

The most instructively gut-wrenching television of the week wasn't, surprisingly, the *Telethon* (though it came a close second), but a nature sequence on *Horizon* (BBC-2) in which a horde of blowfly maggots devoured a mouse carcase. This grisly spectacle was made possible by time-lapse photography — that technique normally used to show us spectacular flowers creaking open as woodenly as marionettes, or sea anenomes cavorting across the ocean floor like back-row muppets. This time the cameras of Oxford Scientific Films were trained on a late mouse. For a few seconds (i.e. hours, perhaps days), nothing happened; then the eyes began to swivel, eerily, as if the corpse were mutely calling for help. Then the eyes simply popped out, and the head slowly started to rotate, powered from the inside; suddenly the maggots burst out of the head in a white whirling cloud and began to swarm through the body. Each little brute, we were told, relies on the digestive juices of its predecessors to soften up the chewy bits of carcase; so that instead of working on an every-man-for-himself basis, they stick together in a chomping, baneful blizzard. Thirty seconds of film and the mouse was just a litter of picked white bones.

If only they could have used time-lapse photography for the *Telethon* (Thames): instead, it had to rely for its nauseating effect on the old-fashioned technique of parading before us at enormous length a collection of smug second-raters. It was also part of the Warhol plan for the future, in which everyone has the chance to be famous for a brief amount of time. Here, for as little as £1, you could have your name, if not in lights, at least in scarlet lettering on a roller across the bottom of your and everybody else's TV screen, thus inducing envy and guilt in your tighterfisted neighbours. What's more, you only had to pledge the money — you didn't even have to deliver. Not for nothing is the oldest showbiz lie 'The cheque is in the post'; and indeed, American experience confirms that 10 to 15 per cent of promises given on such occasions are never honoured.

Occasionally, names were plucked off the roller and given special treatment. Two children, Rolf Harris informed us, had pledged their week's pocket money: 'Quick burst of applause for Robert and Alison — ha ha, that's what it's all about.' It wasn't quite what he meant (is it ever?), but there was an indecent amount of truth in it nonetheless, and Robert and Alison's parents had better start watching out for a Pavlovian connection in their offspring's minds between charity and applause. Of course, this connection is already hideously present on the box in a larger, adult form: rich men eased their consciences with medium amounts of money and were clapped for it; showbiz middlegraders sought acclaim for both their talent and their virtue.

Still, even if the entertainment was incredibly crappy, didn't 'kids' benefit to the

tune of £1¼ million, and isn't this all that matters? Well, yes and no. What, for instance, did it cost to mount? Could the final sum have been raised more efficiently? And is it decent to allow celebrities such moments of ego-gratification? Petula Clark, for instance, startlingly broke off in mid-song to announce, 'I do a lot of work for UNICEF. . .', drawing vivacious applause; shortly afterwards, the sales and marketing director of Cow and Gate came on to announce a gift of £5,000 for two incubators. Jolly good, of course; but don't forget to deduct the free advertising time when working out the proper value of the gift.

No doubt there were many straightforwardly generous and hard-working people involved in the *Telethon*, but I bet there were a lot of viewers who ended up feeling like Quakers. Once you leave behind the concept of charity as something to be done anonymously, austere, as a moral or religious duty, when do you ever stop? The answer seems to be, at a point not very far beyond the *Telethon*, where charity merges into pure self-gratification. One can imagine without much difficulty a Python parody where the exact amount of money you give and the exact amount it makes you feel better are precisely and — most important of all — publicly calibrated. And Robert and Alison will be holding up the big measurement cards (kindly donated by Cow and Gate) to incite the studio audience to ever wilder applause.

Rex Whistler (BBC-2) won't be featuring, one can confidently predict, in *The Shock of the New* (judgment still pending). You could argue that he was a society pasticheur who painted *trompe l'oeil* while Jarrow marched; or you might counterclaim that he was a brilliantly charming muralist and illustrator who isn't better known because, unlike some more socially committed artists, he fought in the war and was killed. It's probably a purposeless debate. What emerged from Derek Bailey's impeccable film was that Whistler possessed a minor but perfect talent, that he worked hard, was much loved and much mourned: who can want, or claim, better than that? Like Beerbohm, he seemed to sense the range of his talent and stayed wisely within it. The rebus letters, the jokey marginal comments in his paintings, all suggested the gentle, charming, funny man his friends described. In the Thirties he once decorated a whole room for the Mountbattens, depicting their travels and various interests. At the top of one wall, you couldn't help noticing, Lady Edwina sports naked with a bescythed Father Time. After Richard Hough's recent revelations, one wouldn't be surprised if the shade of Whistler crept back and brushed in the voyeuristic face of old Uncle Dickie, peeking over a wall at his frolicking wife.

Weekend Competition

No 2638

Set by Ms de Meaner

The noble firm of Basil Blackwell has most generously bestowed upon the Complex several copies of *The Letters of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, edited by Jeremy Treglown, published just two weeks ago and retailing at £21. One of these volumes can be yours in exchange for a winning letter (max. 150 words) from any one of the following

recently published letter writers to any other: Rochester, Fanny Burney, Virginia Woolf, Evelyn Waugh. Closing date 24 October.

No 2635

Set by Peter Alexander

Politicians' speeches ghosted by comedians.

Report

By Fat Jeff

Didn't you do well? The choice was not easy, easy it was not. Honourable menshes for practically everyone who entered and eight green ones for each of the ghostly speeches printed.

Ken Dodd writes for Jim Prior

Oh what a lovely day for setting fire to Joe Gormley's braces and cutting off Arthur Scargill's branch membership. I wouldn't do *that*, missus — you know what they say — it'll never get well if you picket. Now *you* look like a woman who deserves to have her legitimate aspirations satisfied — just wait till I get down there and show you the size of my increments — not to mention my emoluments. You'll feel a new woman once I've adjusted your differentials — one productivity bonus you *won't* forget. And you, sir, you look as if you could do with a 100% rise — when did you last put *your* negotiating machinery through all the proper channels? And remember, they can't touch you for it! Oh what a lovely day, ladies and gentlemen, for cutting off the wings of a flying picket and shoving Len Murray through the wage ceiling — what a lovely, lovely day. . .

CLAUDE SPETTIGUE

Frankie Howerd writes for Norman St John Stevas

Well, no, look, don't laugh. No, really. I mean, there's got to be a policy for culture. You know, the higher things. Opera. Ballet. I mean, the workers don't care — they don't care, do they? Very common. Ooh, terribly common. Give them a packet of crisps and *Coronation Street* and they're away. I mean, it's down to us, isn't it? The élite. The élite, madam. Yes, it's French. Yes. Thank you. Well, some of us have got to care. Between you and me, I'm not sure the PM — funny woman — cares. No. No honestly, sometimes I don't think she'd know her arias from her oboe. No, no, you see, what you need to do, you've got to make it very expensive. Keep out the riff-raff. I mean, education's just wasted on them, isn't it? Wasted. That's why we're putting an end to it. No no, don't laugh, it's an old building.

SMASHER RANSOME-DAVIES

John Cleese writes for Jim Callaghan

Now look. *That* is definitely a dead conservative party. Look at it. Go on. Will you look at that? That is dead. Moribund. Passed away. Utterly knackered. **THAT CONSERVATIVE PARTY IS DEFINITELY A DEAD CONSERVATIVE PARTY!** How do I know? How do I *know*? I would have thought it was bleeding obvious. From where I'm standing, it looks like a case of advanced paralysis in the economic and lumber regions. That party cannot even stand up. In short, it **FALLS OVER ALL THE TIME!** It cannot speak. To put it another way: it is dumb. It has completely lost the goodwill of the people. People do not like it. They are fed up with it. The conservative party is something up with which they are fed. Do you understand me squire? It is, to put it mildly, in a very dead situation. Finished. Snuffed out.

JIM YORKE

Tommy Cooper writes for Deng Hsiao Ping

Went to the bookie's. He said, want to bet? I said, I've got Tibet. He said, take a running jump. I said, not if it's a great leap forward. This journalist asked, what price a free press? I said, Nothing. Went to the doctor, I said, the Red Guards rubbed my face in it. He said, Deng? I said, How'd you know? China's a hotbed of gossip. It's a gang of four-poster. Someone sent a friend to put up a notice in Peking Square. It was a put-up job. This drunk said to me, I just don't understand you. You confushe us. I said no, I'm Deng Hsiao Ping. He said, Ping-Pong? I said, just Ping. He said, that rings a bell.

BILL GREENWELL



Tony Miles

Chess

No 201

Lloyd's Bank tournament

The fourth annual Lloyd's Bank in August attracted 100 entries from a remarkable 26 different countries. They included Grandmasters Gheorghiu (Rumania), Sax (Hungary), Shamkovich (USA) and 14 International masters. An unusual experiment was the semi-incorporation of a Women's International inside the main tournament. This itself attracted 3 WGMs and one WIM.

The Masters tournament had more than its share of upsets. All 3 GMs lost to English juniors — Gheorghiu to William Watson (18), Sax to Michael Pagden (20) and Shamkovich to John Cox (18). Another notable victory was that of 13 year old Stuart Conquest over the Spanish IM Calvo.

Eventually, despite two defeats, Gheorghiu emerged with 7/9 to take the Lloyd's Bank trophy on tie break from Chandler (New Zealand) and Ligterink (Holland)! Sharing fourth place were Sax, Lederman and Gutman (both Israel). The women's event was won by the favourite, Zsuzsa Veröci (Hungary)

with 5½/9. Four players. Law, Povah and Watson (all England) and Gutman scored IM norms and a further 14 (!) FM norms. One of the most spectacular games of the tournament was Gheorghiu's 'other' defeat at the hands of the Scottish number one, Craig Pritchett.

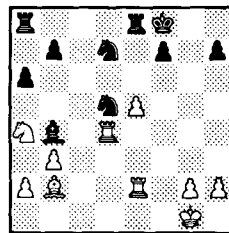
White: C. Pritchett

Black: F. Gheorghiu

P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-K3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, P-QR3; 5.B-Q3, N-KB3; 6.O-O, P-Q3; 7.P-QB4, B-K2; 8.N-QB3, O-O; 9.B-K3, R-K1; 10.P-B4, QN-Q2; 11.K-R1, B-B1; 12.Q-K2 Q-B2; 13.QR-B1, P-QN3; 14.P-QN4! Gheorghiu probably has more experience than any other GM in the world with this line but I cannot recall seeing his Q-side assaulted like this quite as quickly before. Usually his opponents prefer to point pieces down the other side. 14... B-N2; 15.N-N3, QR-B1; 16.P-QR4, Q-N1; 17.P-R5, P-Q4 — else Black will be clearly worse on the Q-side with no counterplay. 18.BPxP, BxNP; 19.N-R2, RxR; 20.BxR; NpxP; 21.NxB, PxN; 22.PxP, PxP. or 22... RxP; 23.P-K5 followed by N-Q4 with a strong initiative. 23.P-K5, N-Q4; 24.Q-R5, N-B1. Perhaps... P-R3 was a better try. 25.P-B5! PxP; 26.QxP, Q-B2; 27.N-B5! The cavalry enters the fray. The knight is immune because of Q-B7ch. 27... B-B1; 28.Q-B3! Not 28.P-K6, N-B3 and Black blocks the KB file. 28... N-N3; 29.P-K6! Now, with the N unable to reach KB3 the threat of Q-B7ch decides matters. 29... R-Q1. If 29... NxP; 30.BxPch, KxB; 31.Q-R5ch wins. Or 29... BxP; 30.QxNch! RxQ; 31.RxRch, KxR; 32.NxBch and 33.NxQ kills neatly. 30.B-KN5. Resigns.

Problem 201

Black to play is a piece up but has problems hanging onto it. Should he play (a) ... N(2)-N3, (b) ... N(2)-B3, (c) ... NxP; (d) ... P-QN4 or (e) something else? Who stands better and how should the game go? Brief analyses of all possibilities please to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 22 October.

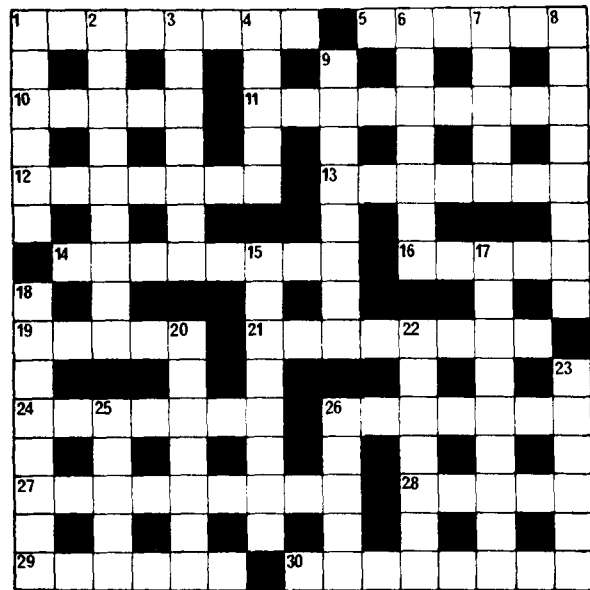


Solution to problem 199

(c) Desperation since White was, in any case, lost. Black should simply reply 1... P-K3! winning easily as he will accumulate two pieces and a collection of pawns for his rook. He should not, however, continue either 1... NxP? 2.R-B7ch, KxN; 3.R(R)xPch drawing, or as he did — fool that he was (guess who?) — 1... P-K4? (anticipating 2.BxP, BxP winning); 2.R-R5!! and Black has no more than a draw.

Weekend Crossword 1359

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1359, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 21 October.



ACROSS

- 1 Kind of monkey that breaks a china cup (8)
- 5 Means of counting a hundred inside a vehicle (6)
- 10 Fill to the brim for a young animal (3,2)
- 11 Give a girl an object for putting in a tight case (9)
- 12 First class liner converted for fleet of planes (7)
- 13 Tax for seniority? (7)
- 14 If he lost his hair the lion would conceal a tear (8)
- 16 Unhappy at being a statesman (5)
- 19 Sign all right in number (5)
- 21 Diminishing in gravity after depression reaches Ireland (8)
- 24 Taking average time (7)
- 26 The VIP goes on after these hats (7)
- 27 Military activity in which map and charts are deployed (5,4)
- 28 I go in all directions to discover animals (5)
- 29 Additional clauses for passengers (6)
- 30 Free tender in being confined (8)

DOWN

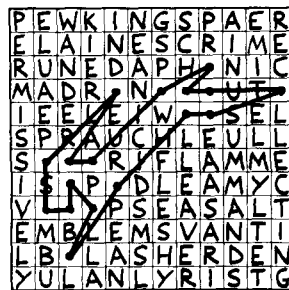
- 1 Eastern country which supplies animal with fodder (6)
- 2 Book a defender after a lot of questions (9)
- 3 It is about seven so turn over (7)
- 4 Debating point for the young (5)
- 6 Have a knock lest smashed up in fights (7)
- 7 What is found in a search in antique shops (5)
- 8 Sections in which crime investigators appear in groups (8)
- 9 Man, it's a dicy business where planes are! (8)
- 15 Message which puts the member on the right into a group (8)
- 17 No lane did produce a variety of this flower (9)
- 18 Flower as festive decoration (8)
- 20 Not one potentially therein (7)
- 22 Reply I send off amid soldiers (7)
- 23 Rise in wild dances (6)
- 25 Made a mistake in her

reductions (5)

- 26 Atlas has it in brown (5)

SET SQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 34



The idea for the puzzle was inspired by 'Masquerade' (Kit Williams). For a special bonus challenge see the next Salamanca.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 34

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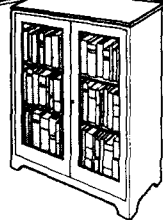
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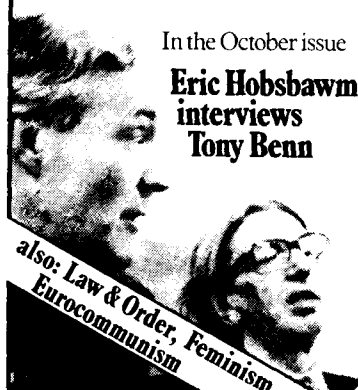
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WHAT HAPPENED TO FRANK SMITH, OIL COMPANY EXECUTIVE, IN JULY 1964, IS STILL A MYSTERY.

Frank was in his early thirties and had good career prospects. But his doctor diagnosed that he had a disease called Multiple Sclerosis (MS).

Today, he's one of 50,000 people in Britain, both young and old, who are known to suffer from it.

The cause of Multiple Sclerosis is still a mystery. It attacks the central nervous system, and can cause severe disabilities.

There is a risk of paralysis or difficulties with sight or speech or perhaps incontinence. For some these problems gradually increase until eventually they're confined to a wheelchair. We must find a cure.

£1 million needed urgently. Scientific research is the only hope. As a result of the work carried out over the past twenty years, we are now a lot more optimistic about finding a cure.

The Multiple Sclerosis Society is dedicated to raising the money, as well as providing a welfare service to sufferers.

Over £1 million is needed to meet our existing commitment to research. (We spend the absolute minimum on administration.)

Any donation you make, however small, will help to bring us one step closer to finding the cure.

* This story is true. Only the name has been changed.

Send your donation to: The Multiple Sclerosis Society, 286 Munster Rd, Fulham, London SW6 6AP. If you would like a copy of the Society's information leaflet concerning the making of bequests or covenants, please tick this box: ☐

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MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
ONE MYSTERY WE CAN ALL HELP TO SOLVE.



National
Association
for Mental
Health

"THE FUTURE OF THE MENTAL HOSPITALS"

MIND's Annual Conference

20th and 21st October 1980

Kensington and Chelsea Town Hall, London

Mental hospitals remain the prime focus for treating and caring for people who suffer from severe mental illness, handicaps and disabilities. Their many functions, quality and adaptability to changing patterns of care and consumer demands are of immense strategic importance to all mental health provision. Mental health workers at all levels, politicians, planners, administrators and both consumer and worker representatives, in looking forward to prospects for progress in the 1980's are offered an opportunity to discuss together policy, practice, the management of certain change and, most important of all, a better deal for mental patients.

The Rt. Hon. Patrick Jenkin, Secretary of State for Social Services, will make an opening speech to the Conference.

Major speakers will include:

Dr. Douglas Bennett, Dr. Kay Carmichael, Dr. David Clark, Dr. Donald Dick, Professor Roger Dyson, Dr. Saul Feldman, Professor David Goldberg, Professor Kathleen Jones and Professor Peter Mittler.

Conference fee: £22 for both days; £12 for one day; reduction for MIND members.

Application forms and further details from: The Conference Secretary, MIND (NAMH), 22 Harley Street, London W1N 2ED. Tel: 01-637 0741.

Meetings

AFTER BRANDT? — Third World in Crisis? Dame Judith Hart MP. Organised by Richmond Labour Party, Richmond Town Hall, 7.30 p.m. Friday 17 October.

AFTER PRESIDENT BANDA — Chaos or Freedom? Main speaker: Dr Attati Mpakati, National Chairman of the Socialist League of Malawi (LESOMA) 3 p.m. Wed. 15 Oct. House of Commons, (room booked in the name of Joan Lester). All welcome.

ALL FOR THE CAUSE. A Communist Party 60th Anniversary Celebration. Wednesday 15 October. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. 7 p.m. Films, songs, speakers and banners from our past and present, guests from Ireland and South Africa, folk-group from Chile. Tickets 50p from 16 King St, WC2 or at the door.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY Meeting 7.30 p.m. Wednesday, 15 October. Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, London WC1. Dianne Hayter speaking on 'Labour after The Conference'. All welcome. Contact Helen Price 01-870 2233 (office hrs).

HALDANE SOCIETY of Socialist Lawyers. D. N. Pitt Memorial Lecture, by distinguished American lawyer Leonard Boudin: 'Politics Extradition and Conspiracy Law: The Soblen Case 18 Years On.' New Theatre, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2. Monday 13 October, 7 p.m. Visitors welcome; 50p.

ICA EVENTS, The Mail, SW1. 11 Oct. 12.15-2.15 Dee Dee Glass and Diane Tammes discuss their experiences in 'Independent Filmmaking and the Television Companies'; 3.00-4.00 The Women's Broadcasting and Film Lobby discuss 'Feminism and Television'; 4 Oct. 1.00 Roy Smith discusses his work with Bill Feaver; Judith Kazantz, Ruth Fairlight, Alison Fell and Valerie Sinason present 'Not Drowning But Waving', an evening of feminist poetry; 16 Oct. 1.00 Adrienne Rich discusses the nature and function of feminist criticism and how it differs from patriarchal criticism. Tickets £1.00 per day, 930 3647.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS speaks at a 'Revolutionary Socialism' readers meeting on his article in the latest issue on the Labour Party. Mon. 13 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC2. Entrance via copy of 'Revolutionary Socialism', available on door (50p) or from Big Flame, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1 (add 20p postage). Tel. 01-250 1293.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM THROUGH YOGA. Day Course with Meditation Sessions. 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat. 18 Oct. at Kensington Central Library, Campden Hill Rd. W8. Admission free. Refreshments available.

THATCHER'S 'ECONOMICS' murder Britain. Fri. 17 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. Organised by Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist).

THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 12 Oct. 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting: 'What Theosophy Explains'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON. Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2.14 Oct. 'Sewage Mathematics' by Sir James Lighthill, Provost, University College London; 16 Oct. 'Ways of Seeing, Part 1: Reproductions'. Film made by John Berger, Mike Dibb et al at the BBC.

The Transition to Socialism and the CLASS STRUGGLE IN BRITAIN

A conference organised by

CRITIQUE

Friday 17 October 7 p.m.-10 p.m.

The Political Economy of the Transition in Britain

Saturday 18 October 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Why is the classical conception of planning unrealizable?

2 p.m.-5 p.m. Workshops:

Marxist theories of the transition

Soviet debates of the 1920s

The role of theory in the transition

Education and psychology

Nationalism

The nature of women's labour in the transition

7 p.m.-10 p.m.

The response of the Left

SPEAKERS

Bob Rowthorne; Hillel Ticktin; Martin Shaw; Scott Meikle; Moshe Machover; Sandy Smith; Don Filtzer; Robin Blackburn; Michael Ellman.

Price: £3.50 the weekend (£3.00 to subscribers); £1.50 per session

CRITIQUE

31 Clevedon Road, Glasgow G12 0PH

Scotland (041-339 5267)

17-18 October, 1980, Conway Hall,

Red Lion Square, London WC1

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St WC1E 6BT). The Freud Memorial Lecture in Psychoanalysis by Dr J. Bowlby. 'Psychoanalysis as a Natural Science', Tuesday 21 October at 5.30 in the Chemistry Auditorium, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon Street, WC1. Admission Free. Without Ticket.

URBAN TRANSPORT in Britain & Europe Seminar 11 October 10.30-4.30. Fabian Society, 1 Dartmouth Street, London SW1. Andrew McIntosh, Steven Plowden, Peter White, Maye Hillman, Ewart Parkinson, Keith Buchan (member £1.00, non-members £1.80). 01-222 8877.

WORKERS RIGHTS and Trade Unionism. Public Meeting with Derek Robinson Wednesday 15 Oct. 8 p.m. Centreprise, 136 Kingsland High St, E8 Organised by Hackney Communist Party.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Beisi Park Tube). Fassbinder's 'The Marriage of Mar Braun' (AA). 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10. Ring 435 9787